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THE ACADEMY

AND

LITERATURE



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INDEPENDENT TESTIMONY.

The following query was published in the "Autocar," December 17th, 1910:—

No. 1593.—45 H.P. "SHEFFIELD-SIMPLEX."

"Will any private reader kindly give their experiences with above cars as to reliability, upkeep, &c.?"—J. C. S." And elicited the following replies:—

December 31st, 1910.

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REVIEW OF THE WEEK

THE narrow escape of M. Briand, the French Premier, from the revolver of an assassin on Tuesday last reminds us that there are some dangers due to publicity which no care can possibly avert, unless, as a matter of precaution, all "persons of weak intellect" are permanently incarcerated. The plea of incomplete mental equipment has been used before, and seems hardly solid enough to bear the blame which must attach to such deliberate attempts at the taking of human life; the criminal was sufficiently sensible, at any rate, to obtain a good vantage-point for his operations, to bring his revolver, and to select his man. It seems that he had previously attacked a public functionary, yet was allowed to go free, and to obtain firearms. Here, however, we must not throw stones, since, in the light of recent events, our glass houses are none too safe on this side of the Channel. We may note, however, while congratulating M. Briand upon his fortunate escape, and expressing our pleasure that no serious injuries resulted to his confrères, that of late a much stronger tone has prevailed in French politics. Not so very long ago it was customary to quote France to all students of national and social affairs as a reprehensible "moral example," an object-lesson of retrogression; her influence was supposed to be nearing a stage when it would become practically negligible. Now all that talk is out of date. France, under the more vigorous tutelage of M. Briand and M. Pichon, can claim that the dangerous period of her decline—which undoubtedly existed—is arrested; she takes her place once again in spheres more robust than those of literature and art. The Chamber of Deputies may still on occasion be

lively with the light-heartedness which to our somewhat serious minds is hardly compatible with the gravity of large issues, but the work there accomplished is of a firmer and more lasting texture and of greater national value than has appeared for sometime. With a good Army and a smartly-organised Navy France has little to fear from the developments of European international politics which may occur during the next few years.

It is high time that a word of protest be entered against the impertinent details—devoid of any attribute except that of imagination—which are set forth, with a great show of authority, in the "Society" columns of various newspapers. The journalist—often lady-journalist—whose metier it is to supply "facts" relating to noble or prominent families is no doubt often hard pushed for material for copy. Peerages and various handbooks are the common property of the fraternity. Where then is new ground to be broken? Clearly the realm of imagination must be drawn upon. Various details as to pedigrees of the most inaccurate and impertinent character are dogmatically set out. Estimates of incomes or of acreage, the figures differing to a ludicrous extent according as the particular contributor is of a lavish or a parsimonious disposition, are laid down as if they were derived from a secret view of Income-tax returns, or confidences exchanged with the Yorkshire blacksmith on the returns made to him under Form 4, or a vision of what may some day be recorded in the New Domesday Book. The person whose family and private affairs are thus handled at so much a line is, in all probability, the only person who could furnish accurate information, and he is the person who is never, by any chance, consulted. A request for his permission to allow intrusion into his private relations is never made. Journalism of this description has nothing to recommend it. It is usually supplied by persons who pretend to inner knowledge of great houses, when their entrance has, no doubt, been barred on the front-door step, leaving no alternative but the area. Editors would, we think, render their productions far more popular if they would cease to be, by special appointment, purveyors to the Snobocracy.

We refer in another column to methods of excluding Anarchists from our shores. The power of expulsion is somewhat more in doubt, doubt which we hope will be dispelled, if necessary, by an amendment of the law. The interesting letter of a high authority on the possibility of using sulphurous fumes to dislodge desperadoes such as those of Sidney Street deserves careful attention. If some such method had been adopted most valuable documents might now be in the hands of the police, and the criminals on conviction would have graced the gallows. There is nothing ludicrous in the suggestion that sulphurous fumes might have been used in the recent siege. Naval officers who have served in the China Seas are well acquainted with the efficacy of the "stinkpot." The Chinese pirate, who is not usually an over-sensitive person, and who is not habitually accustomed to live in an atmosphere sweetened by all the perfumes of Arabia, metaphorically throws up the sponge, and actually flings himself into the sea as soon as the "stinkpot" arrives on board. This admirable engine for enforcing surrender might, it is contended, have been introduced into the Sidney Street room propelled from an air-gun, or in the shape of a grenade either through the window or through an aperture in the door. Its effect would have been instantaneous. If in any quarter such a suggestion is thought to be incongruous, it must be remembered that chemicals play a prominent part in modern warfare, and it is quite reasonable to meet picric with sulphur.

THE ANARCHIST RAT

THE graphic articles which we have published during the last fortnight dealing with the incidents of the Sidney Street siege, and many of the lessons to be drawn from that occurrence, will have attracted much attention. The whole subject will doubtless engage the attention of the House of Commons when Parliament meets, and many gladiatorial contests will be fought. The heavy ordnance of debate will be requisitioned, and tongues equalling long service rifles in their power to wound will pour forth an incessant fusillade. The net result will probably be as unsatisfactory as the cremation of the anarchist miscreants, and, what is much more important, the loss—the preventable loss—of the incriminating documents which would have laid bare the springs of their foul intrigues. The right of asylum will be freely insisted on. Mr. Churchill will explode a carefully prepared impromptu joke, and extol by implication his own heroism, coupled with the hint of a lament that there is no special decoration for valour which can be bestowed upon Home Secretaries, even when they fail to get captured.

The incidents of the siege have been ably and exhaustively dealt with. Whether illegality will be found to be branded on the measures adopted will be closely probed; whether method and knowledge would have obviated the ridicule of the world will doubtless emerge into the light of day. Meanwhile, a travesty of "Peterloo" has been enacted. It is true that the parallel is not exact; that Hunt's meeting was—at least in semblance—a meeting to advocate constitutional reform; and it is doubtful whether in these days the magisterial prohibition which was then held to render the meeting illegal, would now be upheld. The action adopted in summoning soldiers and the Manchester and Cheshire Yeomanry to suppress the meeting was at least adopted under magisterial authority. Under whose authority was military force employed in Sidney Street?

The affairs of Tottenham and Houndsditch and their sequels have disturbed the smug complacency which was wont to lull this country into apathy in the belief that the nation which afforded asylum to murderous wretches who masquerade as the exponents of a political faith would secure immunity for itself from their diabolical designs. It is now seen that such a belief is a profound delusion. It will have to be realised here, as it is clearly realised in the countries in which this anti-human species can be observed in its lairs, that humane methods are entirely unsuited to, and will always fail in grappling with, a species of criminal who, owing to congenital insanity—whether partaking of the attributes of homicidal tendency or abnormal egotism—is the permanent pest of society and the sworn enemy of the human race.

If such a view comes at length to be grasped, Great Britain, instead of being a byword among the nations, will attract to herself far more sympathy and goodwill than hitherto and wield extended influence for good in the councils of the world.

How then is it possible to cope with the question of refusing shelter and asylum to the criminal off-scourings of Continental nations? One or two possible answers to this inquiry present features of interest.

In our view the main essential and efficient weapon is that England shall at last join hands with Continental Governments, and that a highly organised system of international police, in which England would participate, shall be instituted. By such a method murderous miscreants would be known and hounded down throughout the world. They would fail to secure a foothold of sufficient permanence, or to shroud themselves in sufficient obscurity, to be able to bring to fruition their schemes. If these persons are

unable to escape from the surveillance of skilled police their power for mischief is largely neutralised.

We have not much faith in the efficiency of legislation for the exclusion of the worst type of alien criminal. Such legislation is useful—if it is efficiently administered—in limiting the immigration of an undesirable class of alien, whose circumstances and attributes render him a potential criminal, and who is in any case a set-back to civilised progress and an element of danger to the public health. Legislation is also useful in so far as it places in the hands of judicial authorities the power to recommend for deportation aliens convicted of ordinary crime and who are an undesirable addition to our population. Here again, however, an apparently salutary provision is often valueless, because as England does not participate in such a system of police as we have mentioned above, the deported alien frequently returns.

It is not generally known that, given the indispensable knowledge and information which would be in the possession of our branch of an International police, we already possess the power to exclude dangerous criminals from our shores. Such action can be taken as an "Act of State." The Executive, making use of the prerogative right of the Crown, may legally refuse to admit aliens to land on British shores. The necessary element to enable action is knowledge, and that element will never be forthcoming until Continental and British police are closely federated for the purpose of the suppression of Anarchist crime.

TRUE HISTORY

BY E. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT

THE average reader who has made a complete study of a particular epoch in the history of a nation knows little or nothing of the domestic life of those whose political fortunes, or misfortunes, he has examined with such infinite care. Yet true history is surely that which brings before our mental vision a clear picture of the manner in which the average citizen spent his time when at work and when at play; how his home was organised; the position occupied by his wife and family in the home; and all that appertains to their happiness, troubles, education, religion, and occupations. With this knowledge in our possession we can estimate how the social life of various classes was affected by the laws, the administration of those laws, and by the domestic and foreign policy of the government of the day. But how little has the average historian to tell us of the inner life of a bygone age! History usually consists of an endless recital of the fortunes of the opposing parties who make up the body politic in a constitutional monarchy or republican government—or in the case of an autocratic monarchy, or dictatorship—of the fortunes of kings and queens, of rival houses to the same throne, of court favourites, of rebellions successful or crushed, of all those who happened to compose that little coterie who surround the despot's throne, and on whom the sun of the historian's researches alone deigns to shine.

The most elaborate descriptions will be given of any sudden change in the government of a country. If an absolute monarchy gives place to a constitutional, if a republic is swept away and a monarchy substituted, if a worn-out and discredited dynasty is driven from the throne by another of younger stock and stronger vitality, the causes which led up to the change will be most carefully examined and analysed. Such events will share equal honour with the recital, so beloved by the historian, of wars waged against other States, of battles lost and won, and endless time and endless trouble will be devoted to reading contemporary accounts and searching

contemporary archives in order that the exact numbers of those who were slain or maimed may be accurately known. Yet these things are but the externals in the life of a nation, and possess little or no value except as an academic chronological record unless, contemporaneously parallel with them, we have a complete and accurate picture of the daily domestic life of the masses who, taking no part in politics themselves, have to abide by the laws and actions of the particular régime with which the historian happens to be dealing. These two branches of history, the national and the domestic, are inseparable the one from the other, and almost all historians make the mistake of devoting their study and research to the former and in leaving the reader to draw, in his imagination, already dulled or atrophied by countless unimportant dates and facts, a mental picture of the latter, which is usually hopelessly wrong.

It is not difficult to see the reason for this. It is always a temptation to the historical writer to deal with events for which the largest amount of contemporary data is available, and the stories of the varying fortunes of kings, of administrations, of favourites, of statesmen, and of wars are to be found in abundance in State archives, contemporary books, in letters, and private journals; whereas he who would write the story of the domestic life of a family or of an individual finds no such records available, and scant facts must be culled from any available source, however indirect. No State archives, as far as I know, contain any official records of the social life of the people, and therefore the historian must turn to three unofficial sources if he wishes to add to our feeble stream of knowledge. These are (1) the poetical, (2) the architectural and plastic, (3) the private record. With the relative value of the three I will deal in detail.

In almost all ages the poet has left a reliable picture of contemporary rural and urban life. Material poetry, as distinct from mythical or philosophical, has risen to its greatest heights when employed to describe the haunts and occupations of the humble, and it has usually sunk to its lowest rhetorical depths when employed to record history or to commemorate the deeds of heroes. The true poet is usually inspired with a love of Nature and with sympathy for the humble and oppressed, and where these traits are found there follows, as a natural corollary, simplicity, and where there is simplicity there is truth. Thus the poet gives us a picture of domestic life, idealised, it may be, by the imagination of genius and by a desire to eliminate the sordid but of priceless value, once allowances are made for these natural weaknesses. True poetry can only deal with the immutable; human nature and character alone remain unchanged. When poetry is employed to read the deeds of kings or governments, or to glorify victories and other transitory phantoms, it leaves its proper sphere of activity and becomes artificial, and bears a false ring. All systems of government, whether autocratic, constitutional, or republican, are but transitory, therefore artificial, and the great poets of antiquity have seldom wasted their efforts on building on a foundation which at any moment may be swept away by the substitution of another edifice equally fragile. They have naturally turned to the solid rock of the immutable, which is human nature as displayed in the domestic life of a nation, and to descriptions of the localities amongst which those lives have been passed. Thus the poet is of far more value to us than the mere historian.

The second source of our knowledge is derived from the architectural and plastic remains which have survived the call of time. The occupations, taste, and in a lesser degree the character of a person or of a family, can be gauged with fair accuracy by even a cursory examination of their homes and surroundings. In like manner the habits, customs, and daily existence of a decayed civilisation can be deduced from

its architectural ruins, plastic art, and household utensils which have survived. Painting would naturally be a valuable auxiliary, but except in rare instances this branch of art, fragile and perishable as it is, is seldom available beyond the Middle Ages. Archæology is, therefore, an essential and integral branch of the domestic history of a people as distinguished from the mere academic record of things, governments, and wars.

The third, and by far the most valuable, although the rarest, record of the commonplace life of a people is contained in those private diaries, books, and letters in which the writers reveal their everyday doings and their real outlook on contemporary affairs,—not perhaps as they desired the world of their day to believe they saw it, but as they honestly saw it for themselves—works in which the writer, generally with no intention of doing so, but in spite of himself, has left a priceless word-picture of the age in which he lived. But such books are rare for the simple reason that few people are born so constituted as to be able to place on record the daily, almost hourly story, of an existence which may never have risen above the commonplace and which possibly passed unnoticed and unhonoured by their fellow citizens. Yet it is just this picture of the commonplace which is of such supreme value to a proper understanding and appreciation of a former age. We want to study a sample of the lives of the majority, not of that small minority who appear in the limelight throughout all ages.

An unusual combination of qualities, good and bad, are required to produce such a work. There must be a great and sustained egotism which sees importance in trivials because these trivials happen to revolve in the same orbit with the writer; a keen sense of proportion must be wanting, and also the lack of a keen sense of humour; a certain *naïveté* is usually found, often priggishness, and considerable powers of observation and industry are essential. The writer's life must be removed from public activities, or at least they must not be the all-absorbing interest in his life, because once he is drawn into the vortex of affairs he is almost certain to leave a record of events, which, although they may be of some value to the chronicler of the history of governments, kings, and parties, will be useless in portraying the domesticity of his age.

It is for this reason that we attach such consummate value to books of the type of the "Meditations of Marcus Aurelius," to the writings of St. Paul, to Chaucer's "Tales of the Canterbury Pilgrims," to "Pepys' Diary," to Boswell's "Life of Johnson," and, in a lesser degree, to Eckermann's "Conversations with Goethe." Many others might be mentioned, such as Plutarch's "Lives" or Suetonius' "Lives of the Caesars;" but in the latter class of work we are dealing more with hearsay than with direct evidence, because the writers were not contemporary with the personalities they are portraying. Thus we are not treading on such good ground, and there is something open to doubt. We cannot be sure whether the author's picture is a true, or a false one which his imagination has created. But in the other works which I have mentioned at random we have the most valuable examples—in Marcus Aurelius' "Meditations" of self-revelation; in the writings of St. Paul, setting aside the theology—of travel and the administration of the law and of the men who administered it, throughout the various provinces of the Roman Empire; in Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" of the poet leaving a unique picture of contemporary life; in "Pepys' Diary" the most perfect example extant of an author revealing himself and his age without having the faintest idea that he is handing down a masterpiece to posterity; in Boswell's "Life of Johnson," not only a first-class study of contemporary England, but also the revelation of the workings of a great mind when

applied to the little ups and downs of everyday life as seen by a constant companion; and in a lesser degree this applies to Eckermann's "Goethe's Conversations."

But, looking back down the tide of time, works of this class which give an insight of real human interest into the daily lives of our progenitors are lamentably rare. We are fairly well supplied with memoirs of Kings, of Courts, of various statesmen upon whom fortune has placed the stamp of distinction and prosperity. During the last four centuries printing has become cheap, and since education has spread, we have become the heirs to a plethora of such works. But these intimate revelations have seldom percolated beyond the favoured class who throughout all ages cluster round the courts of kings. Of the lives of the middle classes and of the masses we know next to nothing, and more often than not the perusal of stereotyped history leaves an absolutely misleading impression on our minds. What, for instance, were the feelings of the primitive Britons when the Roman Eagle first appeared in their midst? We know the details of the Norman Conquest; but how did the Saxon serf and the Saxon landowner regard their change of masters? How did the peasants of Italy regard the invasions of Attila, and what difference did they make in their daily lives? How did the man in the street fare when Constantinople was captured by the Ottoman Turks?

Of these events we have no true picture to guide us. By reading history and Court memoirs one would believe that every person throughout England carried a Psalter under the Protectorate of Cromwell, and that later on every man was a dissipated roué during the reign of Charles II., unless we had Pepys' inimitable Diary to give us a true insight into the lives of the middle classes and the masses. Our knowledge of the life led by the literary giants of the eighteenth century is chiefly derived from Boswell's "Life of Johnson;" history does not help us there. But for his "Meditations" we would probably believe that Marcus Aurelius, when not actually fighting the Germanic tribes, spent his leisure hours in camp, not in silent meditation, but in drunken orgies and in the rough horseplay of the Legionaries.

No doubt an ideal state of society would be that where the mass of the population of a country lived their lives peacefully, oblivious to dynastic changes and to the varying fortunes of parties. If the majority of the inhabitants of a country had it in their power to stand aside and regard with indifference Kings and professional politicians struggling for the mastery, toppling one another over, carrying on wars with other nations without feeling the effects, they would probably choose to do so. The average man wishes to live and to let live, and to go through life peacefully, duly observing those social codes for the regulation of his dealings with his fellow-men, which the common-sense and the experience of ages, not Kings and parties, have prescribed as essential.

When we have little or no direct knowledge extant of a nation's domestic life we owe a debt of gratitude to the historian who, after long research amongst all the available contemporary material, by dissecting the works of the authors of the period for light on abstruse and doubtful points and by a careful examination of its archaeological and plastic remains, is able to rebuild the whole edifice of the social world so that we can mentally travel over the same ground and lead the same life as the Roman citizen of 1900 years ago. Such a work Professor Tucker has produced in his "Life in the Roman World of Nero and St. Paul."* It is a book of inestimable value to those who wish to correct the mistaken impressions, or to clear away the miasma of

uncertainty, which have arisen in their minds after a perusal of commonplace history.

Professor Tucker takes the year 64 A.D. He conducts us through the Roman Empire from Chester in the north to Syene, the modern Assuan, in the south. He tells us of the roads to take, and provides us with suitable escorts over those on which we may expect to be waylaid by robbers or footpads; he gives us necessary information as to suitable hostelry at which we may put up for the night, and warns us of the bad food and lack of cleanliness of the majority. He informs us of the ships, of the accommodation we may reasonably expect to find on board and of the chances of shipwreck or piratical attack. On the way he points out historic sights, temples, shrines, and battlefields. He takes us in turn to the principal cities of the Empire, and we go the round of their theatres, circuses, museums, libraries, public buildings, and water-works.

We then find ourselves in the Rome of the year 64 A.D., before its destruction by fire; he rebuilds the city for our edification, and after a careful examination of its public buildings, temples, and palaces we are conducted to the house of Quintus Silius Bassus, a typical senator and aristocrat of the period, whose home is on the Caelian Hill, facing the Palatine, near the modern church of SS. Giovanni e Paolo. We spend one day in the company of Silius, from the very early hour at which his valet calls him to trim his beard. After his early breakfast we watch him hold his levée, at which his friends, followers, and satellites attend; then we are conducted over his house, and peep into every room, examining the furniture, nick-nacks, pictures, and sculpture; we follow his litter to the Imperial Palace on the Palatine, which he enters to attend the levée of the Emperor Nero. This function quickly at an end, we return to his house and sit down to a light mid-day repast, which is followed by the customary siesta. On awakening we repair to the Forum and listen to Silius's address on behalf of the suit of a friend, whilst the hired claque, whom he has taken the precaution to bring with him, keep up a vigorous round of applause. Then we are free to share his sports and amusements throughout the afternoon. We are included amongst his guests at dinner and listen with interest to their conversation, reclining on heavily cushioned couches, and sipping his excellent wine from the vineyards of Tuscany. Now we must leave him for the night, and our last glance shows the benevolent senator in bed engaged in reading the current news of the day, and the Imperial Decrees—one of which, by the way, may contain the disagreeable surprise of an order for his immediate suicide—out of the official "Court Circular."

Having bid a reluctant farewell to Silius, until, indeed, we accompany him to his country residence when the heat of Rome becomes intolerable, we are chaperoned on the following morning to the chamber of his wife Marcia, and are permitted to see that worthy dame arrange her toilet and have her hair dressed. We follow her movements throughout the day, which apparently was passed in much the same manner as that of any modern up-to-date society lady—in shopping, gossiping, visiting, intriguing, and in hastening from point to point to escape from the ennui of luxurious ease. But Marcia possessed one inestimable advantage. If in the course of her idle peregrinations she meets some one whom she likes better than her husband, all she has to do is to walk home, pack up her belongings, and scratch on a wax tablet with the homely "stylo" the laconic message—unless indeed she is saved the trouble by finding one to the same effect from Silius: "Dear Silius—I am not coming back, because I have found some one I like better—your affectionate Marcia;" and the marriage at once came to a summary end. Marriage in those days was but a civil

* "Life in the Roman World of Nero and St. Paul." By Professor T. G. Tucker, Litt.D. Camb., Hon. Litt.D. Dublin. (Macmillan & Co.)

tie, and could be broken at any time by either party; but nevertheless the system seems to have worked very well. Subsequently we learn all about the lives, childhood, education, and periodic castigations of young Silius and his sister, and of the ceremonies attendant on their coming-of-age and marriage. The season at an end, we follow the family to the country, and pass a few pleasant days at their villa.

But Professor Tucker does not only deal with the life of the Senators who formed the cream of the Roman aristocracy. He tells us with lucidity and wealth of detail how the Knights, the commercial money-making class, accumulated their fortunes; of the houses and flats of the townspeople, of their trades and wages. Then he deals with the rabble who thrived on Saturnalias, free corn, occasional doles of wine, and the bright sunshine of Southern Italy. Neither is the poor peasant neglected, and his humble homestead is duly visited. We are next taken to the camp of the hardy legionary, and follow his fortunes as he resists the encroachments of the Barbarian in return for inadequate pay and the eventual hope of a small pension or free grant of land. We learn of the laws, and of those who administered them; of the tax-collector and his methods, and of the religion of the period. Rome is rebuilt before our eyes, and the domestic life of the Roman is painted with a sure hand and delightful charm.

Many illusions will be shattered. Those who believe that under Nero every Roman went in hourly terror of his life or of having his property confiscated, will be agreeably surprised. Nero, a man of besotted sensuality, was by no means a bad Emperor, though recklessly extravagant. He was beloved by the masses, and the Provinces were excellently administered during his reign. Only on very rare occasions did he illuminate his garden with torches made out of primitive Christians, and his cruelty was confined almost entirely to the aristocracy of Rome, whom he seems to have hated almost with the vehemence of a Lloyd George; and if his language when speaking of them was more moderate, it was only out of respect to his own exalted position.

The spread of humane ideas and the less summary usages of modern society do not permit the approaches to the Chancellor's house in Downing Street to be illuminated by inflammable dukes and smouldering earls; but, except for this comparatively unimportant distinction, the aristocracy of present-day England seem to suffer from much the same troubles as did the Patricians in the age of Nero.

THE DISCOVERER

You lured me, Dearest, with those veiled eyes—
Eyes that half speak and half conceal the deeps
That in your bosom lie—to scale the steep
Of lofty Love, if haply I might be wise
To unlock such cloistral secrets; yet surmise
Whispered but thinly of the abyss that leaps
Now to my awed regard—a world where sleeps
Heaven germinal, and Pain in Love's disguise!

So the old venturesome shipman laid in store
That breathless moment by the virgin sea,
On heights unscaled by Latin feet before,
When in the drowsy, far Castilian lands
He heard, and answered unresistingly,
The importunate call of undiscovered strands.

P. J. F.

REVIEWS

AINSWORTH AND HIS FRIENDS

[FIRST NOTICE.]

William Harrison Ainsworth and his Friends. By S. M. ELLIS. Two Vols. (John Lane. 32s. net.)

IN one of his least-inspired moments of talk with Eckermann, Goethe declared with customary autocracy that a character develops by contact with the world, talent by an environment of calm and quiet, contrasting thus absolutely "Welt" and "Stille." The dictum does not even present one of those half-truths in which the great German was so astoundingly prolific. It is barely a quarter-truth. A few moments' thought at once recalls to the mind the names of ten or twenty men of letters of the first rank, well known throughout the world, about whom it can be most emphatically said that they owed at least as much to the "Welt" as to the "Stille." As to England, Chaucer, Milton, Shakespeare, Sheridan immediately occur to one, together the numerous and distinguished band, which includes men like Browning and Thackeray, who have found frequent inspiration in the whirl and frivolities of London society. Abroad, we reflect on the careers of artists like Rubens, Cervantes, Dante, Velasquez, and Goethe himself, about none of whom it can be affirmed, without an amount of "hedging" that practically invalidates the Goethean maxim, that they owe the growth of their talent mainly to calm and quiet. Character and talent grow indeed most often together.

Yet there are cases, especially those of the smaller-gifted writers and artists, of which it may at any rate be argued that, in all probability, a life in the world of action spoils their abilities in the realm of art and the imagination. William Harrison Ainsworth appears to have been one of these unlucky mortals. Extraordinarily precocious and creative, at an age when most boys are hardly able to write two consecutive sentences, of unusually handsome face and physique, with a rich father who humoured all his whims and caprices, free-handed, generous, impulsive, rather hot-headed, serenely audacious and a trifle inclined to be masterful in disposition, an interesting and fluent talker, always fond of society and of conviviality, friendly to every one and eager to make friends, with above all an undoubted natural talent if not for pure literature, at any rate for the writing of breathless "Rides to York" and such-like romances, this fine, dashing Ainsworth, coming up to town from his native and much-beloved Manchester, quickly found himself to be one of the most sought-after men in London society.

D'Orsay and he were considered in their day the handsomest and best-dressed "bucks" in London. They would sit one on each side of the throne on which Lady Blessington held her Court. "Venus between the two Graces," observed an Irishman, "only there were three of them!" Ainsworth and Dizzy became intimate; their first novels appeared almost simultaneously; they were born within a few months of each other (but not, as Mr. Ellis erroneously states, in the same year); and Ainsworth was probably correct when he sadly wrote, amid the ruins of his brief fame and fortune, to his bosom friend, William Crossley:—

It was a great misfortune to me that Disraeli went out. He would have given me something better than a pension.

In the years that ushered in the triumphs of "Jack Sheppard" and "Rookwood," with its Turpinian hero and Black Bessian heroine, there was hardly a more popular

man in England than Ainsworth, from the racecourses and pugilistic meetings, where the crowds sang rapturously his slang verses beginning "Nix my dolly, pals, fake away," to the great London *salons* and the theatres and Opera House, where he was everywhere recognised as "the darling of the ladies" and "the lion of the season."

A jovially happy life followed for the next twenty-five years. Ainsworth made for himself a large circle of friends and many intimates, among the latter being Dickens and his biographer Forster, and the inimitable Cruikshank, among the former being numbered nearly all his contemporaries who had any claim to literary or artistic renown. Thackeray, Maclise, Father Prout, Tom Hood, Douglas Jerrold, Lemon, Blanchard—Lamb and Sir Walter Scott he had long before known—Mrs. Norton, the Countess of Blessington and her daughter were all among our author's friends, though some of them, like Thackeray, Father Prout, and Forster, had a curious way of doing him bad turns—in order to prove the sincerity of their loyalty, no doubt. Whether such a mode of life was really suitable to the development of Ainsworth's special talent may well be questioned. If, like his intimate friend "Dizzy," or like Dickens or Thackeray, he had been able to assimilate and utilise in his art his observations of contemporary men and things, he would have benefited by the tense and bracing atmosphere in which he spent most of his time. But his gift lay quite another way. It was of a romantic, antiquarian order, like Scott's, but limited by a lack of the highest culture, an apparent inability to grasp the widest views of men and circumstances, and a quite extraordinary incapacity or distaste for characterisation.

This latter was the most serious of his deficiencies, and condemned him throughout life to write romances, which had, it is true, a great temporary, almost accidental, vogue, and have since permanently sunk to the level of books which can hardly be greatly enjoyed by any but boys and youths. It is most probable that had he withdrawn from London and its lures, and quietly devoted himself to the serious pursuit of his art, he might not only have conquered his want of quick adaptability to the fluctuations of taste in fiction, but also have produced in his own particular historical-romantic line some works of permanent literary value.

As it was, he wrote story after story with conspicuous success—for a time; "Old St. Paul's," "Windsor Castle," "The Tower of London"—to name a few of the best known; he turned publisher and editor, in both cases without success, except in giving a helpful start to new writers, such as Mrs. Lynn Linton, Mrs. Henry Wood, and a number of others; on and on he went, not recking of his gradual but sure eclipse by the ever-growing reputations of Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, the Brontës, Trollope, Charles Reade, until one day, in the prime of his manhood, he suddenly awoke from his dreamer's life to find himself out of fashion, gradually dropped by former friends, reduced to writing for comparatively obscure publications, compelled to live a life of poverty and self-denial.

Throughout his life, however, Ainsworth rarely or never showed himself in the light of complaining or self-pity. He manfully accepted his banishment from further literary success. Certainly his character was much truer and stronger than his work.

Ainsworth as a character is seen at his best in his letters, his conversation, and actions. The man who, in his gay and brilliant youth, was described by Crabb Robinson, after a visit to the Lambs at Islington, as "a forward, talking young man, a Mr. Ainsworth," was one of the most interesting of talkers and letter-writers. He shows himself a keen observer, self-confident, frank, generous, and cheerful.

GOLDWIN SMITH

Reminiscences. By GOLDWIN SMITH, D.C.L. Edited by Arnold Haultain, M.A. (Macmillan and Co. 10s. net.)

PROBABLY few people of the younger generation realise what a tremendous alteration the last seventy or eighty years have brought about in our mode of life, our trend of thought, our social and political worlds, our methods of communication between both individuals and countries. It is very difficult, for example, to conceive of a London without its District Railway, its tubes, and its motor-driven vehicles—difficult even for those who knew the City before the present swiftly-moving panorama of the streets took the place of the comparatively sedate horse-traffic. It is even more difficult to imagine England without her magnificent railway-systems, by the aid of which we can lunch in bonnie Devon and take early afternoon tea in town, or breakfast in town and dine in Scotland, or in other ways approach the modern ideal of being in two places at once. Therefore the memories of a man who was well acquainted with the days of stage-coach and tinder-box, of high-backed pews and charity-boys, of beadsles and the stocks, impress us as a voice recounting events and travels in a strange country, and we are driven to consider the contrast between the calm, unhurrying life of those exceptionally contented times and the atmosphere of ceaseless change, of rush and jostle, which characterises our own period.

Professor Goldwin Smith was born at Reading in the year 1823, and in his opening chapter paints very clearly the conditions which then prevailed. "The mail-coaches travelling on the Bath Road at the marvellous rate of twelve miles an hour, change horses at the Crown and Bear. The watchman calls the hour of the night. The Quaker dress abounds. It is worn by Huntley and Palmer, who keep a little biscuit-shop in London Street, where a little boy buys cakes, and from which has sprung the biscuit-factory of the universe. The shop of the principal draper is the ladies' Club." In some respects this part of the book is the most interesting, short though it is, so vividly is the reader confronted with the complete revolution in ideas and opinions which has since taken place. As the author observes:—

From this state of things I have lived into an age of express trains, ocean greyhounds, electricity, bicycles, globe-trotting, evolution, the Higher Criticism, and general excitement and restlessness. The Reading of my boyhood has almost disappeared over the horizon of memory. Whither is the train rushing, and where will the terminus be? . . . Between that state of things and the present there is only a single lifetime; yet I feel as if I were writing of antiquity.

For readers who are students of social and political history, however, the chief interest will lie in Goldwin Smith's intercourse with the men who have made the nineteenth century so extraordinarily dominant a term in the equation of progress. Among his schoolmates at Eton were the future Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, Lord Farrar, and Henry Hallam (brother of the Arthur Hallam immortalised by Tennyson); but before we leave Eton days, we may picture mentally the young historian-in-embryo running among a crowd of boys "behind Queen Victoria's carriage from Eton to Windsor on the night of her marriage." Oxford, with which city so large a portion of his future career was to be bound up, claimed the youth at the age of eighteen, and there Matthew Arnold was one of his contemporaries. The criticism of Arnold, who was "outwardly a singular contrast to his almost terribly earnest sire," seems very reasonable, if not particularly original:—

He exerted unquestionably an elevating and liberalising influence on a large class of minds. He pierced the hide

of Philistinism with the silvery shafts from his bow, though his idea of Philistinism may not always have been perfectly just. But in all fields, social or theological as well as literary, taste was supreme in his mind. If there is nothing disparaging in the phrase, I should say that he was the prince of connoisseurs.

It is rather hard on A. H. Clough, however, to say that "some short poems and a translation of Plutarch were the only products of a great intellectual power;" but we have to bear in mind that the fervour of the poetic spirit was not part of the Professor's equipment; controversy, history, and a rather cold, solemn outlook seem his predominant traits as revealed in this autobiography.

Many anecdotes are here preserved of the days when Goldwin Smith lived in London. He met Macaulay at the house of Sir R. H. Inglis, and criticises him freely, with the suspicion of acidity which tinctures so many of his remarks:—

Macaulay did talk essays and engross the talking—conversation it could not be called. One could understand how he was a bore to other talkers. He would seize upon a theme and dilate, with copious illustrations, from a marvellous memory. Mention of the exclusive respect of the Ritualists for churches in the Gothic style led to an enumeration of the Fathers of the early Church who had ministered in churches which were not Gothic. A question about the rules of equestrian statuary led to a copious dissertation proving that nature was the only rule. I have seen a whole evening party kept listening in a ring to an essay on final causes and the limits of their recognition, with numerous illustrations. But it seemed to me all exuberance, not assumption or ostentation.

The debates of the House of Commons strongly attracted Goldwin Smith, and, through his friendship with the Speaker (J. E. Denison, afterwards Lord Ossington), he frequently attended them; he gives an amusing account of the poor acoustic qualities of the House. "It seems," he writes, "that architectural science has not yet learned to produce with certainty a room in which you can be heard, a place in which you can breathe, or a chimney which will not smoke. It was said that the Leader of the Opposition went out and bought an evening paper to learn what the head of the Government was talking about." The author's memories of Gladstone have been given in another volume; he adds here a few paragraphs which show his critical turn of mind to advantage:—

Archbishop Tait told me that what he most feared in Gladstone was his levity. This may seem paradoxical: yet I believe the Archbishop was right. That Gladstone's moral aspirations were high cannot be doubted. It is more than doubtful whether his sense of responsibility was very strong. At a dinner-party at which I was present he came late from the House. He was in the best of spirits, and seemed to have nothing on his mind. At last he spoke of the motion of which he had just given notice in the House. The motion, as afterwards appeared, was one which would have brought the two Houses into collision with each other, and the notice had been given amidst extreme excitement. When his love of power and his pugnacity were excited, it is questionable whether he thought much of anything but victory. . . . That Gladstone was a statesman of the very highest order I should find it difficult to believe. His moves always seemed to be impulses rather than parts of a settled plan. . . . If he attacked the Lords, it was not that he had deliberately made up his mind in favour of a change, but that they came in his way at the moment. . . . As a speaker he was in the highest degree effective, but the effect was produced by his command of the subject, by the ascendancy of his character, by the impressiveness of his manner, and an admirable voice, rather than by any grace or force of language.

B

The great speeches of John Bright, on the contrary, are described as "literature, first-rate of its kind." On the debated point as to whether his orations were prepared, Goldwin Smith remarks that there can be no doubt. "I have stood by him when he was speaking, and seen the little sheaf of notepapers, on each of which probably his sentence or his catchword was written, and which dropped into his hat as he went on."

Professor Goldwin Smith was at one time (about 1855) on the staff of the "Saturday Review," contributing political articles; but his appointment as Regius Professor of History at Oxford in the year 1858 ended this connection with journalism. This position, which he retained for eight years, was the height of his desire. Under the impression that he was settled in it for life, he built a "little house," planted a garden, and entered upon some of his happiest days. Fate, however, intervened later on most curiously to take him across the seas to the Cornell University as exponent of history, and from that time Canadian and American affairs became his special study. During the Civil War he visited General Butler, and gives his own personal view of certain incidents which have been alluded to in these columns comparatively recently.* The war at times had a Gilbertian aspect, as on the occasion when a Federal commander found himself in difficulties, and had to choose between wasting his force by fighting, and surrender. Under the protection of a flag of truce he paid a visit to the Confederate lines, explained matters to his enemy, and asked for a candid opinion, as he did not wish to sacrifice life in vain. The Confederate, a true gentleman, showed him round the position, and said that "if his command formed part of a general plan of operations, he was bound to fight; otherwise he might with propriety surrender!"

We might go on selecting items of interest from this record of a remarkable career; but we must pause, and conclude by inquiring why, after the perusal, we are haunted by a lingering sense of dissatisfaction, and a feeling which may almost be termed sorrow. It arises, we think, from the impression of an outlook on life which on the whole was inclined to be gloomy. Intensely stern and humourless is the face of Goldwin Smith, as here reproduced from several photographs, and in the progression of his pages we miss the quality of geniality, of sympathy with the views of other men, which would have brought that personal touch between author and reader indispensable to thorough pleasure in a volume of this character. The book owes very much to Mr. Arnold Haultain, the editor, who receives high praise in the closing sentences—"Without the aid of a first-rate Secretary I could not have stumbled on as I have done." There are repetitions which might have been avoided—we are twice told, for instance, that Coleridge was "the Arnold of Eton;" but they are slight flaws, and the editor to some extent explains them in his prefatory note. The reader will not easily forsake the book until he has finished it; but he will feel probably that it needs a little more of life's sunshine for its full enjoyment.

TWO FAMOUS MEDICI.

The Romance of a Medici Warrior: Being the True Story of Giovanni delle Bande Nere; to which is added the Life of his Son, Cosimo I. A Study in Heredity. By CHRISTOPHER HARE. Illustrated. (Stanley Paul and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

IN the life story of "The Fighting Medici," as one may well call "John of the Black Bands," for he was pre-eminently the soldier of his race, Mr. Christopher Hare has

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found a very congenial subject, one lending itself to that picturesqueness of treatment and style which usually characterises his writings. The first part of this book is brimful of romance, such as would have appealed strongly to the elder Dumas, and we can imagine the creator of D'Artagnan evolving a masterpiece from the stirring adventures of Condottiere Giovanni, or those of his remarkable mother, that Caterina Sforza, who, as Mr. Hare rightly says, stands forth supreme among the warrior-women that Italy delights to honour.

She it was who, when a rebellion broke out one night while her first husband was lying dangerously ill, galloped sixteen miles in order to suppress it, rode back with the subdued leader of the revolt in her charge, and two hours after sunrise gave birth to a son. She it was also who, after her aforementioned husband had been assassinated, refused to surrender her citadel even under the threat of seeing her captive children butchered before her eyes. She dared her enemies to do their worst, and told them plainly that she would find it easier to replace her offspring than her fortress. Again, it was Caterina who fought like a lioness against the combined hosts of Caesar Borgia and the French King, Louis XII., winning in that unequal contest the admiration of all her enemies save the Borgias themselves, who, directly she had been captured, threw her into the castle of Sant' Angelo, where they would have kept her till she died had not D'Allègre, the French General, eventually insisted on her release, declaring, with the characteristic gallantry of his race, "*On n'emprisonne pas les dames!*"

It was by her third husband, Giovanni dei Medici, the only member of his family ever surnamed the Popular, that Caterina became the mother of the future commander of those Black Bands who fought now for the Pope, now for the Emperor, and now for the King of France, in the many contests which desolated Italy during the earlier years of the sixteenth century. The Lady of Forlì's son inherited her vigorous, pugnacious nature. He was far more a Sforza than a Medici. Impulsive, passionate, delighting in the rush of battle, glorying in personal feats of arms, a strong man among the strongest, contemptuous of those improvements in artillery which were increasingly modifying the character of warfare, Giovanni delle Bande Nere stepped into the Renaissance like a reincarnation of some doughty knight of the Middle Ages fresh from such fields as Bouvines and Poitiers. In a sense, of course, he was a mercenary, but a mercenary who was paid but seldom, and never in proportion to his services. Moreover, Giovanni's solicitude was chiefly for his followers, on whom he spent almost his entire means. Personally he was lavishly generous, and at times even foolishly disinterested. When Francis I., at the outset of the siege of Pavia, wished to shower honours and wealth on him he refused the offer, as is shown by one of his letters to his friend Aretino:—

MY BRAVE PIETRO. . . . I have been treated like a brother by the King of France. . . . I sent back the Order of St. Michael to that great Prince, and I tore up the treaties which contained the provision for my salary and an income for my wife . . . telling him that he should bestow such a dignity on one who has served him longer than I have, while, as for the pay, that should be in proportion to the service.

It must be said also that Giovanni enforced strict discipline among his men whenever he was with them, and that the excesses which they now and again committed occurred during his absence from his command, being generally due to some remissness in paying them. Their colours were originally purple and white, and it was only on the death of Pope Leo X. that their commander, as a sign of mourning for

his kinsman the Pontiff, provided them with the black banners and shoulder-belts which they ever afterwards retained, and whence they derived the appellation by which they are known in history.

It is with the help of numerous letters written by Giovanni, his wife, their relations and friends, that Mr. Hare narrates his hero's brief but strenuous career. We follow the young Condottiere through the turbulent violence of his youth to his deeds of daring on the stricken field; we see him leap on his horse with a wounded soldier in his arms, we see him lead a forlorn hope to victory, and hold a candle to light the surgeon who is amputating his limb. A ball, had severely wounded the reckless young warrior in the leg whilst he was guarding the Po against some of the forces which, under the Constable de Bourbon, were advancing through Italy to the sack of Rome. Amputation, as it happened, came too late to save Giovanni's life, and he passed away when he was only twenty-eight years old. Yet such had been his prowess that he was already renowned as one of the foremost captains of Europe.

He had married Maria Maddalena Salviati—a granddaughter of Lorenzo dei Medici, "*il Magnifico*"—who was deeply attached to him and devoted to his interests. Mr. Hare seems to be quite in love with Madonna Maria, so tenderly and attractively does he pourtray her. She gave Giovanni a son, Cosimo dei Medici, who was destined to become the ruler of Florence and the first Grand Duke of Tuscany. He differed greatly from his father. Mr. Hare likens him to a fox coming after a lion, and there were certainly some unpleasant vulpine traits in Cosimo's character. Perhaps, however, our author is not quite fair to him. Politically, he simply followed the tendency towards absolutism which was general among the rulers of his age. In many respects he was a very able Prince, and even Mr. Hare is obliged to say something, though by no means everything, about the draining of marshes, the digging of canals and artificial lakes, the building of aqueducts, bridges and palaces, and the patronage of art, associated with Cosimo's name. His services to letters and learning might also have been mentioned. With respect to Cosimo's beautiful wife, Eleonora de Toledo, our author seems to have been somewhat carried away by Florentine feeling and prejudice. He repeatedly calls Eleonora proud and cold; but her portrait by Bronzino leaves a different impression, and, besides, she gave her husband ten children, and was devoted to them. When her sons, Giovanni and Garzia, died under distressing circumstances—pointing, some writers think, to crime—Eleonora, overcome by grief, speedily followed them to the grave. The Florentines certainly disliked her—they were good haters, and often fierce, unreasoning ones—but this, we believe, was more particularly because she was a Spaniard, a race which they detested.

We could have wished that Mr. Hare had given us a rather more explicit account of Alessandro, the bastard Medici who preceded Cosimo at Florence, and particularly of his assassination, which inspired one of the most remarkable tales in "*The Heptameron*," as well as the stirring "*Lorenzaccio*" of Alfred de Musset. On the other hand, we are glad to see that our author does not blindly accept all the stories of poisonings associated with Cosimo and others of his race. During recent years various able works dealing with that subject have appeared in Italy, where, indeed, attempts have even been made to whitewash the Medici of virtually all the crimes imputed to them. That, no doubt, is going too far; but we believe there has been much exaggeration respecting the criminality of the Medici generally.

Besides recounting the careers of Giovanni and Cosimo, Mr. Hare's narrative abounds in touches illustrating Italian manners and customs in the sixteenth century. The book

is not quite free from misprints, and we find such variations as "Po" and "Pò," "Cibo" and "Cibò," "di Toledo" and "de Toledo," whereas uniformity would have been preferable. There are sixteen illustrations, chiefly portraits, including a photogravure frontispiece which shows Giovanni delle Bande Nere as Titian portrayed him. This must be a somewhat idealised presentment of the gallant condottiere if San Gallo's famous bust of him (also depicted in this volume) is true to life.

THE LAWS OF POESY

A Historical Manual of English Prosody. By GEORGE SAINTSBURY, M.A., &c. (Macmillan and Co. 5s. net.)

THE task which Professor Saintsbury set himself when he conceived the idea of concentrating all the best part of his great work on English Prosody into the comparatively small space of a handy manual of single-volume form could not have been an easy one; but, as is usual when he determines to enlighten us on literary themes, he has made a splendid success of it. Many readers who admired the learning and taste displayed in the larger books must have wished for something more convenient in shape and size. Here they have it, and nothing could be better in its way than the method of treatment which the author has adopted.

From the outset serious difficulties hinder the progress of any one, however thoroughly equipped he may be, who attempts close and lucid definitions in the sphere of prosody. "The subject," says the author in his Preface, "is one not very well suited for elementary instruction, and in endeavouring to shape it for that use there is a particular danger of too positive and peremptory statement in reference to matters of the most contentious kind, and the danger of unhesitating adoption of positive statements on doubtful points must have been found to be only too real by any one who has had to do with education." To take a single problem—that of terminology; the unending, recurrent bother between "accent" and "stress," and the disputes over scansion which inevitably result: this alone is enough to daunt any man who wishes to disentangle from the mixture of theories some distinct thread of his own, and to follow it consistently. A most amusing note of pugnacity steals into Professor Saintsbury's conclusions more than once; for instance, at the head of an invaluable chapter on the "Rules of the Foot System" he places this remark:—"These rules are not imperative or compulsory precepts, but observed inductions from the practice of English poets. He that can break them with success, let him." A whole volume could be written on the subject of these forty-two precepts; but we must pass on to notice briefly the major portion of the book.

For nearly a hundred pages continuous illustrations of English scansion according to the foot system are given, ranging in period from the Old English examples—unreadable without special study—to the poems of Ernest Dowson. Book II. is devoted to a Historical Sketch of English Prosody, and for the student who wishes to grasp the fundamental principles which have gradually come into being bearing on the poetry of to-day this part of the treatise is the most important. In such a closely-woven sequence of deductions the selection of a passage for quotation is not easy, but we may give a few sentences from the "Halt and Retrospect," in which section the author pauses at the Caroline period to survey the position:—

In Shakespeare first the whole freedom as well as nearly the whole order of English prosody discovers itself. But this freedom is pushed by others to licence, and blank verse becomes practically as ruinous a heap as the rhyme-royal of the fifteenth century, with one form of decasyllabic couplet

keeping it company, if not quite in actual cacophony, at any rate in disorderly slackness. Then Milton restores blank verse to almost all the freedom and more than the order of Shakespeare, infusing also into all the other metres that he touches this same combination, so that in these two practically everything is reached. But poetic fervour dies down; blank verse for a time becomes unpopular; the age calls for the more prosaic subject-kinds of verse—satire, didactics, &c.; prevailing standards of prosody are strictly regulated to an accomplished but decidedly limited "smoothness."

Then came the "Romantic Revival," ushered in by Gray, Chatterton, Burns, Blake, and continued by Wordsworth, Coleridge, and the great names which are revered by all lovers of our literature. In tracing the technical development of poetry through these masters of the art Professor Saintsbury is particularly happy.

After a very necessary and exceedingly useful glossary, an alphabetical list of poets is given, with special reference to their prosodic quality and influence; and here we note again the fighting spirit which we alluded to previously, in the paragraph on Robert Browning:—

BROWNING, ROBERT (1812-1889).—Often described as a loose and rugged metrist, and a licentious, if not criminal, rhymester. Nothing of the sort. Extraordinarily bold in both capacities, and sometimes, perhaps, as usually happens in these cases, a little too bold; but in metre practically never, in rhyme very seldom (and then only for purposes of designed contrast, like the farce in tragedy), overstepping actual bounds.

This is one of the few points in which we disagree with the author. Some of Browning's rhymes were simply atrocious, and no amount of special pleading from his admirers—among whom we count ourselves—will persuade us to the contrary. If he deliberately chose such contortions of language as "fabrio" and "dab brick," "failure" and "pale lure," and many others which will occur to our readers, we venture to say that it was in direct opposition to good taste and art; and if he wrote them in that divine hurry of his which at times produced his most magnificent effects, it is a pity that in calmer moments he did not revise and eliminate them, since they give the reader a most uncomfortable shock. No one cares to be pulled up short in a serious poem by a method of rhyming which has been relegated to the province of the scribbler of topical or humorous verses.

With an excellent little dissertation on the origins of lines and forms of stanzas, which is really an amplification of the glossary, Professor Saintsbury brings his book to a close. To read it is a work of many hours—we say "work" advisedly, since every page requires the exercise of thought; but it is, at the same time, a great pleasure and profit to any one who is interested in the wonderful manner in which our poetry has reached its present stage from the crudest beginnings. To the author as a literary critic and essayist we owe many a delightful hour, and corresponding debts of gratitude; by issuing this condensed edition of his standard work on English Prosody he has placed us under fresh obligations for rendering the results of his learning and indefatigable investigations so accessible and so inexpensive.

THE JEWS

The Jews: a Study of Race and Environment. By MAURICE FISHBERG. (The Walter Scott Publishing Co. 6s.)

FOR two thousand years and more the Jewish Question has persisted wherever in the civilised world a community of Jews has been found, and from Biblical times until to-day men have set themselves the task, hitherto quite fruitlessly, of finding a solution to that problem. All who have hitherto

endeavoured to ameliorate the condition of the Jewish people or to effect an assimilation between them and the nations in whose midst they dwell, in short all who have turned their attention to the Jewish Question in any of its aspects, have found themselves faced by an insuperable difficulty. Apart from vague generalisations, the ignorance of all relating to Jews as a race was appalling. Their number, their distribution, the rates and causes of increase and decrease in different countries could only be guessed. No data existed on which any reliable estimate could be based. Some said that Jews were immune from certain diseases; others gave the reasons for this alleged immunity. The homogeneity of the Jewish race was spoken of as if it were a cardinal principle. "As rich as a Jew" became a proverb. Certain trades and occupations were termed Jewish. It was firmly believed, and probably still is, that at least half of the bankers, financiers, stockbrokers, &c., of the world are of the Jewish race. Even a specific Jewish physical type was depicted and described, and having been avidly appropriated by the comic paper and the popular stage, it will need acres of cold, hard facts and centuries of time to eradicate the superstition into which it has developed, and the Jewish race will probably have ceased to exist before the caricature of a Jew created by popular fancy passes into oblivion.

Serious students of the Jewish Question have at length lost their excuse for adopting, without test, any of the many popular beliefs current regarding the Jews. Despite innumerable difficulties due to the varying practice in different States regarding official statistics concerning the Jews and even the varying interpretations given to the term Jew, Dr. Fishberg, in his book, the latest volume of the Contemporary Science Series, has collected, sifted, and co-ordinated a mass of material relating to the Jews in all States and in most periods of history, and has presented them lucidly and attractively to his readers, so as to place all who have any serious interest in Jews or Jewry under obligations to him, which in the case of students, at any rate, it would be difficult to measure or to appraise. Dr. Fishberg must have spent years in preparing the present volume; in it he has done a work which has been overdue for a century.

The number of fallacies, hallowed by the acceptance of centuries, which Dr. Fishberg exposes in this volume is astonishing. The cold blasts of reality disperse one cloud after the other in the pages of his book, until at length it is found that, given similar conditions, the Jew would in a generation or two be indistinguishable from the Gentiles who surround him. In his earliest chapters Dr. Fishberg demolishes the superstition—for it proves to be nothing else—of the purity of the Jewish race. He shows and brings forward a mass of evidence in support of his contention that during Bible times, and ever since until to-day, there has been a continual, considerable admixture of alien elements. The very fact that almost every physical type is to be found among the Jews of Europe and America proves his argument, for physical characteristics, such as complexion, shape of the head, and features are never changed by environment, but are always due to heredity. It will come as a surprise to many that almost half of the Jews of the world are fair-skinned or blue-eyed, and that a relatively small proportion possess the supposed typical feature, the so-called "Jewish" nose.

Another current fallacy is the supposed rapid rate of increase of the Jews. Upon investigation this is also found to be baseless. It is a rule, with few exceptions, for the birth-rate among Jews to be less than among the non-Jewish surrounding populations. It is true that the infantile death-rate, in consequence of the greater care given by Jewish mothers to their children, is also lower; but even the natural increase, the number of births less the number of

deaths, falls often below the corresponding rate among non-Jews, and in consequence in many Jewish centres, apart from the loss, which is considerable, caused by baptisms and other secessions, the Jewish population is stationary. If it were not for the vast reservoir of Jewry in the East of Europe, where assimilation is forcibly and artificially prevented, a century hence Jewry and Judaism would be little beyond a memory and an archaeological survival. Three chapters are devoted by Dr. Fishberg to pathological characteristics, and the conclusion at which he arrives is that wherever the Jew is relieved of all disabilities, and anti-Jewish discrimination, social as well as economic and political, has entirely disappeared, pathologically there is no difference whatsoever between Jew and non-Jew. The same is said regarding the so-called Jewish occupations. Set him free to engage in any occupation, and after the passing of a generation or two the Jew will be found in every calling and no disproportionate number will be found in any.

Dr. Fishberg has for the most part devoted himself to the collection of material concerning the Jews, and to its scientific arrangement, so that it may be utilised by those who come after him. One polemical subject, however, he discusses at some length—Assimilation *versus* Zionism—and decides definitely against the latter or anything resembling it as a solution of the Jewish Question. In assimilation he sees the inevitable solution, a solution which is only retarded by the persecution—physical, economic, and social—which the Jews are continually suffering in one part of the world or another.

A GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF INDIA.

Private Letters of the Marquess of Dalhousie. By J. G. A. BAIRD. (Wm. Blackwood and Sons. 15s. net.)

THE publication of these private letters until fifty years after his death was prohibited by Lord Dalhousie's will. Even after this interval they are of great interest, not only to all concerned with Indian affairs, but also to any one who cares for good literature and real knowledge of public men and events. They are the spontaneous outpourings of a mind of singular vigour and strength, and deal with important and personal matters of which most people like to read. They were addressed to Sir George Couper, the writer's oldest and dearest friend, though twenty-four years his senior. In the splendid isolation of his position as Governor-General of India Dalhousie could unburden himself to nobody but his wife and his intimate friend. The letters display, as is the intention of their publication, the real nature and true character of the man who, during eight laborious years, though generally worn by maladies tempered only by intervals of good health, and overwhelmed for a time by bereavement, sustained the burden of his high office with courage, conscientiousness, industry, and genius. He was incapable of any exertion after leaving India, and died within five years at the age of forty-eight.

His name is writ large in Indian history as the Great Proconsul. His official acts are studied by his successors and other statesmen. His merits as an administrator were long since delineated by a contemporary observer. He was credited with firmness, penetration, decision, capacity for command, a power of grappling with tough and intricate problems, but his chief characteristic, which tradition has embalmed, was masterfulness. These letters corroborate the tradition. He would not brook a rival or allow his authority to be challenged; he was fearless in rebuking. His troubles, it appears, were chiefly with the Military Commanders. He complained of Lord Gough's want of generalship at Chillianwallah, feeling in him "no confidence

against disaster." With Gough's impulsive successor (Sir Charles Napier) Dalhousie's quarrel was very serious, though they had started as friends. He was "obliged to give the Commander-in-Chief a punch in the head at last." Napier had issued the famous *batta* order, sanctioning on his own authority a higher rate of compensation for the native troops in the Panjab than the latest Government ruling allowed. Practically, Dalhousie could not withdraw the sanction; but he was greatly displeased with Napier, who behaved badly, and finally resigned his appointment without bidding farewell to the Governor-General. Dalhousie was annoyed also with Sir William Gomm, Napier's successor; also with General Godwin, commanding in the Burmese War. He reprimanded, too, Sir Colin Campbell (afterwards Lord Clyde, of Mutiny fame), when in command on the frontier. Among the civilians and politicals he showed his dislike for Sir Henry Lawrence, for his want of method, for being "such a harum-scarum worker," so he transferred Henry from the Panjab to Rajputana, and gave his full confidence to John Lawrence.

The reader will not find in these letters any elaborate defence of Lord Dalhousie's acts of annexation, which have been so often wrongly attacked. He carried out the "doctrine of lapse" with the sanction of the home authorities; the annexation of Oudh for misgovernment was not his policy, but when authorised he gave effect to it thoroughly. Sir William Lee-Warner's biography of Dalhousie has fully explained his share in these matters. In his retirement at Malta, Dalhousie admitted that he did not foresee the Mutiny, and boldly averred that no other human being foresaw it. This volume of letters will certainly enhance Lord Dalhousie's already great reputation.

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Italian Poets Since Dante, with Verse Translations.

By WILLIAM EVERETT. (Duckworth and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

To those who have already made acquaintance with these pleasantly critical studies in Italian literature their reissue in a handy form will be a welcome event. Having been delivered originally as lectures at the Lowell Institute, Boston, they are free from all stiffness and pedantry, and contain almost a personal note at times which is by no means disagreeable. The difficulties which beset the way of one who desires to investigate the recesses of Italian lore are fully appreciated by the author. "Everything Italian is fascinating," he writes, "but its charm is like a tropical forest—its luxuriance is almost deadly; its very beauties will strangle and poison an incautious explorer. There is no moment in the ages at which we can gaze on Italy that she does not overwhelm us by her countless treasures of beauty and sadness, and defy us to exhaust them."

In several passages in the volume Professor Everett discovers himself as no servile imitator of other men, and his work gains piquancy thereby, even although we may not invariably agree with him. He is rather sweeping in his remarks when dealing with Ariosto of Modena, the author of the famous "Orlando Furioso," and need not have gone out of his way to depreciate Wordsworth:—

His fields, his forests, his mountains, his rivers are merely the background to his men and women, affording them difficulties to surmount or retreats to enjoy. The prying and poking into the details of clouds, brooks, hill-sides, weeds, insects—the botanical, anatomical, and physiological poetry of Wordsworth and his successors, where everything inanimate thinks and feels, and only man is dumb while celan-

dines and beetles talk—would be far too profound for such a simple, untrained soul as the author of the "Orlando Furioso." A primrose by the river's brim a yellow primrose would have been to him—and, candidly, is it anything more?

This simply shows how many leagues of thought separate the writer and our loved English poet of Nature. It would be hopeless, of course, to argue with anybody who can seriously put that last question—"Is it anything more?" However, such a sudden access of innocent cynicism does not prevent Professor Everett from being an exceedingly good companion through the poesy of his chosen country. His brief biographies of Tasso, Alfieri, and many others are well written, and the translations, as far as we have been able to ascertain, express the originals excellently. For many readers the chapter on Petrarch and his wonderful sonnets will be the most interesting portion of the book; but the whole course of the essays presents a very luminous exposition of the progress—with periods of degeneracy—of Italian poetry from the time of Dante to that of Manzoni, who died as recently as the year 1873.

The Discovery of the Book of the Law. By Professor EDOUARD NAVILLE. Translated by M. L. McCLURE. With an Introduction by PROFESSOR SAYCE. (S.P.C.K. 1s. 6d.)

THE talented author of this clever monograph very justly claims that the development of archaeological research is gradually throwing an entirely new light upon Biblical criticism, which must tend to alter the theories which have been so elaborately built on merely textual criticism. For example, "the discovery of the Tel-el-Amarna Tablets and of the Code of Khammurabi has shown how profoundly erroneous it was to call post-Exilic everything that bore a Babylonian character, especially in legislation." Professor Naville advances an entirely novel and remarkable theory concerning the discovery of the Law under King Josiah mentioned in 2 Kings xxii., a theory which, if upheld, would quite upset the conclusions of the most eminent modern critics, Maspero, Cheyne, Driver, and others.

Starting from the analogy of Egyptian custom by which certain famous chapters of the Book of the Dead were buried in the foundations of the temples, Professor Naville concludes that the Book of the Law, part of Deuteronomy, was concealed in the walls or foundations of the Temple of Solomon, circa 1000 B.C., and that this MS. was the book found by Hilkiah when workmen were carrying out repairs in the reign of Josiah, 623 B.C. Hitherto most critics have assigned the Book Deuteronomy to this seventh century B.C. regarding this very chapter of 2 Kings as the key to the whole problem. Some, indeed, have gone so far as to say that Deuteronomy is a forgery, of which Hilkiah, for his own ends, was the author. It is to be noted that, according to the account in 2 Kings, Hilkiah himself was unable to read the document discovered. This astonishing fact is accounted for by Professor Naville by a most interesting theory, that the MS. was written in cuneiform characters. He brings forward a number of reasons deduced from archaeological research, that the "most ancient books of the Hebrews" were originally written, not in Hebrew, but in Babylonian cuneiform. This view opens out a very wide field of inquiry, and one result would be a considerable modification of the present theories and late dates of "established" Biblical criticism. At the same time, it must be admitted that Professor Naville's ingenious theory as to the Book of the Law overlooks the fact that the later part of the Book of Deuteronomy deals with abuses which crept in for the most part during the centuries immediately follow-

ing the reign of Solomon, unless his view is accepted that this code of laws existed in only one copy, and was lost and buried for four hundred years. Even then many difficulties of internal evidence remain.

Life and Habit. By SAMUEL BUTLER. With Author's Addenda. (A. C. Fifield. 5s. net.)

BETWEEN the formidable tomes which deal in recondite language with the themes of heredity, evolution, memory, personality, and similar problems of the scientist and psychologist, and the popular primers which seek to introduce the inquisitive mind of youth to these tremendous subjects in a manner more or less genial, a great gulf was at one time fixed. Of late years, however, men have written in a style which is lucid without being childish, simple without conceding too much to the disabilities of the busy reader; and among these we may place the name of Samuel Butler. It has always seemed to us a matter for regret that Butler's works are so neglected by the young people of the present generation, for no author precisely takes his position in the world of thought, and few who deal with parallel subjects can be read with so much pleasure. How many persons, we wonder, who pride themselves upon the extent and versatility of their reading have experienced the charm of "Erewhon," or pondered the irony and wisdom of that penetrating novel "The Way of All Flesh"?

The present new edition of "Life and Habit," therefore, we are glad to see, since it will probably gain for this philosopher of thirty years ago a fresh circle of readers. A great part of Butler's fascination arises from his unequalled power of metaphor and illustration, as when, discussing the mystery of life, he imagines some supernatural being who needs a microscope to perceive the inhabitants of the earth and to learn their ways. "He would put Covent Garden Market on the field of his microscope, and would perhaps write a great deal of nonsense about the unerring 'instinct' which taught each costermonger to recognise his own basket or his own donkey-cart." This gives the reader a little shiver of appreciation as to what may be happening when he examines a colony of lively animalculæ beneath his own powerful lenses. There is no need to review Butler at this time of day; some of his opinions need qualifying, and many of the questions which he treated have had fresh light thrown upon them by subsequent discoveries, but his work is always eminently readable because of his extremely individual method of dealing with intricate matters which are usually somewhat above the head of the ordinary well-educated man. We wish this excellent reissue all the success it deserves.

Golfing Curios and "The Like." By HARRY B. WOOD. (Sherratt and Hughes. 7s. 6d. net.)

CONSIDERING the wonderful popularity of golf at the present day, and the enormous numbers of its devotees all over the world, the literature of the game is by no means large. Old records are scarce, modern publications deal chiefly with hints on the game and the laying-out of golf-courses and suchlike subjects; but in the interesting publication before us we find something quite new that should appeal to every enthusiast, for it deals very thoroughly with the history and the development of golf. The author has evidently formed a most interesting collection of curios connected with the game from very early days, both in the way of implements and literature, and, with this rich fund of material to work upon he has evolved a really valuable contribution to the modern literature of the golfer.

A review of the immense variety of clubs and their development is equally interesting, and from the praise that the old makers received—makers of clubs whose names have been handed down to the present generation—it is evident

that the old players worshipped their favourite clubs in just the same way as the modern enthusiast. It is interesting to note the names of clubs that have fallen into disuse—notably the "track-iron," which was evidently the forerunner of the niblick. It was a weighty and somewhat unwieldy implement with a small face, specially designed to extricate balls from cart-ruts and tracks, for the links in those days were on the more open ways where vehicles possessed a right to pass. The chapters and plates that deal with games very akin to golf that were played in Holland and France open out quite a field of speculation as to the origin of golf, for the rules in force and some of the technical terms used, evidently as far back as the very early part of the seventeenth century, suggest a common inception. There are two reproductions of Jan Steen, 1626-1679, "The Eve of St. Nicholas," in which golf-clubs play a part, and there is a delightful plate of a "Young Dutch Golfer of the Seventeenth Century." "Kolf" and "Het Kolfen," as it was played in Holland, and "Jeu de Mail," as the game was called in France as early as 1717, certainly differed from our modern game, but the similarities are wonderful to note. The instructions for "Jeu de Mail," published in 1717, contain much that would apply to the modern player of golf, and the following extract is worthy of attention by many a player of the present day:—"We do not like to see people standing in public with vest, jerkin, or wig. It is quite easy to be lightly dressed without wearing motley or odd costumes in ill-matched materials."

This interesting publication finishes up with a Bibliography of Golf that makes it well worth while, on that account alone, to add the volume to one's library.

A Manual of Occultism. By "SEPHARIAL." (William Rider and Son. 6s. net.)

It would not be wise for any nervous person to read this book too attentively, even in broad daylight, for it has produced quite a few shivers in the soul of at least one reviewer. What with references to the "astral" life, the "sidereal" man, visions, dreams, and their interpretations, the uncanny art of crystal-gazing and the science of divination, the accomplished writer succeeded in giving us a dose of the "creeps" that made us desire fervently the dawn, in order that all morbid fancies might be blown from us by the nearest approach to "a wind on the heath" that was obtainable near London. Almost every department of the secret arts is touched upon in this manual, and, for those who are interested in such things and have the time to study them, it is a mine of information. Whether it is worth while to endeavour to pierce the mysteries which surround us by the methods of astrology and kindred means is questionable; the labour of drawing up a correct horoscope would seem to be rather a formidable affair, and in any case the astrologists leave themselves so many loopholes for escape if the "indications" fail to come true that we should prefer some more definite form of prophecy than the arrangement of the planets.

Palmistry and "fortune-telling" by cards, talismans, the magical properties of numbers, psychometry—all these subjects are dealt with seriously by the author, and many others which we have not space to mention. The average man has no time to spare for investigating these things, but he may well be astonished, should he chance to read this thick treatise, at the amount of material that can be accumulated regarding matters which are in the nature of a sealed universe to him. Whether he will try his fate with the next pack of cards he comes across, or will look up the hour of his birth and seek to know his prospects, or examine his hands to discover that he ought to have died some years ago, is an open question. At any rate he cannot fail to be interested, although he may possibly become so scared that

he will consult the configuration of the planets before he dares to cross the street. If so, he has our deepest sympathy, for we shuddered for an hour over the awful idea of going to bed.

A Vagabond in the Caucasus. By STEPHEN GRAHAM. (John Lane. 12s. 6d. net.)

THERE is something attractive about a man who can write in the prologue to his book of travels that Thomas Carlyle, "who died three years before I was born, was a friend closer to me than a lover, one to whom I longed to say caressing words, one whom I longed to embrace and fondle—to kiss even," and we think that most readers by the time they have finished "*A Vagabond in the Caucasus*" will be even more interested in the author's personality than in the Caucasus. Mr. Graham writes with the intimate personal touch that gives distinction to Stevenson's "*Travels with a Donkey*" and Mr. Belloc's "*Path to Rome*," and with an experience of many books of travel, we believe that this is a rarer gift than that of picturesque description. Moreover, Mr. Graham's adventures among the snows and wild flowers, and the "many hundred tribes" of the Caucasus are interesting enough in themselves. We like his meeting with a wild Ossetine, a man who could not understand any sentence in which the word wine did not occur, who started by lending him a mount and ended by shooting at him with a revolver. We like, too, the account of his arrest as a spy, and of his being waylaid by four roughs. There is an agreeable kind of vanity in his description of these things—as if, doubting his own courage, he was pleased to find himself doing courageous things. Best of all we like the girl who threw a handful of confetti in his face on Easter Day, though we blame Mr. Graham for not ending his chapter then and there. There are some little mistakes that might be corrected in the next edition. A line has been dropped in quoting one of the most famous of Mr. Gilbert's songs; Dorando's Marathon Race finished at Shepherd's Bush and not at Earl's Court, and on page 135 the sun is made to rise fairly and squarely in the west.

How to Write a Novel. (The De La More Press. 3s. 6d.)

"If he liked," said Mr. Thomas Hardy, "a man could go on writing till his physical strength gave out." Sincerely thankful must the reviewer be that most men are too busy about other affairs to test the truth of this statement, but there are some who feel the need of expressing themselves or their experiences by the medium of fiction, and to these the instructions contained in this handy little book will be very useful. We may say frankly that it seems to us a superfluous task to tell a man how to write a novel—in the sense that it is impossible to give a man the power to compose poetry by imparting the technical details of the work. Nevertheless the output of wretched fiction—wretched in grammar, style, and plot—has become so great that any attempt to set inexperienced writers on the right track is to be welcomed.

The author of this text-book gives much information gathered from many sources—from successful novelists both living and dead—and the advice which he adds on his own account is nearly always good, though in some instances it is so obvious that it seems unnecessary, as when he says: "Perhaps your novel will take the reader into aristocratic circles. Pray do not make the attempt if you are not thoroughly acquainted with the manners and customs of such circles." The chapter entitled "How to Begin" is excellent, as also is the section on "Pitfalls." But after reading the

volume through we remain firm in our belief that no amount of instruction and information will make a good novelist. If a man must write he will, and if his impulse is so strong as to prove irresistible he will probably write well. "Out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh," and it is the same with the pen; inspired by the full heart, the story that must be told, its sentences will reach the reader more surely than any that have been shaped by the careful coaching of a school.

The Markhor: Sport in Cashmere. By COUNT HANS VON KOENIGSMARCK. Translated from the German by NORAH BASHFORD. (Kegan Paul and Co.)

A MARKHOR'S horns are a *testamur* of sportsmanship, as an undergraduate's oar, or bat, or racquet, is of his athletic prowess. The creature is scarce and difficult to find; he lives at great heights, accessible only by arduous climbing, in certain ranges of mountains in Cashmere and Baluchistan: he may be viewed through a telescope across a deep ravine, but he has vanished before he can be brought within range! Cold and severe camping, perhaps without tents, must be borne patiently by the candidate for the trophy, who may have to run considerable risks. The *Capra Falconeri megaceros* is the king of the mountain-goats, called by the author the Indian Zlatarog. There are at least four varieties of markhor known to naturalists; in some of them the horns spread out, curling widely; in others they stand up straighter; the largest specimens run to near four feet in length. The joy of the author is delightful, when he had satisfied his ambition by shooting a markhor and looks "in respectful silence at his beautiful horns, his splendid beard, and his strongly-built body in its rough silvery coat." The little book, translated from the German by a lady, is full of enthusiasm for sport, and of a general cheeriness which stamps the author as a genial sportsman and companion. He is a Major on the German General Staff, who has visited Cashmere for sport more than once and evidently made himself welcome. There is no pretence about the book; it is a bright, short narrative of a shooting expedition, which the reader cannot help enjoying.

The Artistic Side of Photography in Theory and Practice. By A. J. ANDERSON. (Stanley Paul & Co. 12s. 6d. net.)

THAT photography has an artistic side is sufficiently proved by the beautiful reproductions from photographs which illustrate this book. There are still, of course, considerable differences of opinion among artists, and a good deal of opposition—especially from miniaturists and illustrators, who have suffered most from the introduction of the camera—to the right of photography to be regarded as one of the fine arts. Mr. Anderson, who is an expert on the subject of photography, has written a valuable defence of its claim to be so regarded. If his enthusiasm in matters of theory sometimes carries him rather far afield it is because he is conscious of a good deal of misunderstanding, not only among artists and the general public, but also among photographers themselves. Much photographic work is, artistically, a failure, because, like the embroiderers who tried to imitate oil-paintings in silk, the photographers do not grasp the great essential of all real art—that it must keep strictly within the limits of the medium employed. It is a book which can be read with interest even by those who know little of the technicalities of photography, and to the student it should be valuable.

Memories of Eighty Years. By JOHN BEDDOE, M.D., LL.D.,
F.R.S. (Arrowsmith. 7s. 6d. net.)

DR. BEDDOE has led a life replete with interest and quiet adventure, and he has written a charming book about it. To the reader with an imagination this would be a sufficient notice to induce him to read the book, and we feel that in recounting the bare facts of Dr. Beddoe's life we are doing him an injustice, so much of the charm of his tale lying in the manner of the telling of it. He has seen Wordsworth, corresponded with Darwin, climbed mountains and laboured at archaeology and anthropology with passionate enthusiasm. He went, as a member of the civil medical staff, to the Crimean War, and studied the country and its inhabitants. He has visited France, Ireland, Holland, Germany, Austria, Hungary, Italy, and Queensland, and, unlike the majority of travellers, he has always come back wiser than he went. But for us his main achievement lies in the book before us, which tells the story of a useful life with taste, modesty, and humour.

FICTION

PHILOSOPHER OR NOVELIST?

The New Machiavelli. By H. G. WELLS. (John Lane. 6s.)

THE novelist who is interested in great problems of the day, and who is at the same time a close and logical thinker, evolves for himself in due course a more or less comprehensible philosophy; he has, that is to say, his own ideas as to the correction of faults, the organisation of diffused interests, the solution of baffling difficulties. As a rule we can admire him, whether we agree with him or not, for the energy of his work tends to prove the urgency of his convictions. Mr. Wells, in this story of the tragic downfall of a fine character, may be taken as the latest exemplification of our words. The bigger the problem, the more eagerly he attacks it, and if his lance is sometimes broken, what matters it?—we are left gasping at his courage, and perplexed as to what he will be at next; yet all the time we are conscious that he is no haphazard Quixote tilting at windmills. He is, rather, in deadly earnest, and out of his innumerable blows upon the present state of education, of political life, of social life, many are bound to hit their mark and to leave our ears ringing.

We glimpse Mr. Wells's creed in a passage at the very beginning of this lengthy book—he stands for progress:—

The things that might be done to-day! The things indeed that are being done! It is the latter that give one so vast a sense of the former. When I think of the progress of physical and mechanical science, of medicine and sanitation during the last century, when I measure the increase in general education and average efficiency, the power now available for human service, the merely physical increment, and compare it with anything that has ever been at man's disposal before, and when I think of what a little straggling, incidental, undisciplined, and uncoordinated minority of inventors, experimenters, educators, writers, and organisers has achieved this development of human possibilities, achieved it in spite of the disregard and aimlessness of the huge majority, and the passionate resistance of the active dull, my imagination grows giddy with dazzling intimations of the human splendours the justly organised state may yet attain. I glimpse for a bewildering instant the heights that may be scaled, the splendid enterprises made possible.

The Socialism with which Mr. Wells began is gradually changing, we fancy, to an outlook very different from that affected by the people who call themselves "Socialists"

to-day, changing, it is pleasant to note, to a more reasonable, less narrow, more catholic frame of mind. The picture of things as they are is still chaotic, but traces of a design and ultimate clearness are emerging, relationships between apparently antagonistic patterns are being discovered, and the author is impelled to put forth his views in various ways that other men may be roused to see with him and to contemplate the tiny symptoms of order and unity which he strives to perceive ever more distinctly. "Muddle," says Remington, the hero of this novel, "is the enemy." In his youth he was a Socialist "because individualism meant muddle, meant a crowd of separated, undisciplined little people all obstinately and ignorantly doing things jarringly, each one in his own way." Life taught him the value of the individual, and the story of his gradual secession to the Conservative side is one of the most illuminating studies of character that Mr. Wells has given us.

In the methodical, detailed, patient manner of "Tono-Bungay," the hero is introduced as a boy living at the easily identified "Bromstead" in Kent; and as a youngster his dreams are of "states and cities and political things." The second and third chapters are almost uncanny in their knowledge of boyish thoughts and immature aspirations. With "Adolescence" we reach the first glimpse of the possibilities of love and passion in the young man; but not until very much later does he find out what love is. The career of the budding politician is traced in the utmost detail, but with such skill and subtlety that it never becomes wearisome. The Baileys, for instance—a couple devoted to the statistical side of political work—are drawn so thoroughly that they seem to live; we have met them, talked with them, laughed at them. She, Altiora of the "bony soul," met Bailey in the pages of a review:—

The lurking woman in her nature was fascinated by the ease and precision with which the little man rolled over all sorts of important people; she was the first to discover a sort of imaginative bigness in his still growing mind. . . . She took occasion to meet and subjugate him, and, so soon as he had sufficiently recovered from his abject humility and a certain panic at her attentions, marry him. . . . She saw in a flash her opportunity to redeem his defects, use his powers, and do rather large, novel, startling things. She ran him.

She also, to some extent, "ran" Remington, for she artfully managed his marriage with the calm, worshipping, too unexciting Margaret, who was to help his career so splendidly, and to be cast aside so cruelly for the woman who came between. And here comes the crucial part of the story.

Remington's girl-friend Isabel works for him at an Election, writes for his "Blue Review," brings her brilliant, restless mind to bear on questions of the day in a manner that inevitably arouses Remington's sympathy and admiration. After a time they discover that love, an uncalled-for, unsuspected third, has entered unperceived into their deliberations. They resist, without avail. They discuss the matter from every conceivable point of view—the tragic position of Margaret, the terrible wreck of a career which might reach the high places of Government, supposing their secret were laid bare; but, after a tremendous effort to part, they give up the endeavour. Then comes the dreaded exposure, and Remington, to save the shame of the news reaching his wife from outside sources, tells her of his fall. The end comes with Isabel and Remington, miserable enough now that the climax of their resolution has come, departing for the Continent. Up to this point our sympathies have been with the much-worried Remington; but right here we are bound to say that his behaviour is anything but manly; it is, in fact, caddish and contemptible. Such a finish may be the logical working out of

an unstable, gifted, emotional character, but we cannot help thinking that the author errs in deliberately closing on so unfortunate a note. The cleverest of arguments are used—the tale is told in the first person—but they amount, we fear, to sophistries; if such an infatuation is “love” (we take the liberty to doubt it) even in its most permanent form, it could lead to nothing but misery for the two who were centred in themselves to the exclusion of all considerations of happiness for others. Mr. Wells has a peculiarly deplorable knack of spoiling books which are otherwise nothing less than masterpieces by some such distortion of his story.

Comments have been made to the effect that many of the characters in this novel have well-known originals. It is not an essential matter whether this or that person has his prototype, whether on one page we seem to recognise Mr. Hubert Bland, on another a portrait of Mr. Balfour, although these speculations doubtless add extremely to the interest of the book. What does matter is that Mr. Wells has written a remarkably fine novel—always bearing in mind the reservations just made. There are detached phrases that might have come straight from the pen of Mr. Henry James, such as “the bleak lucidities of sleepless nights,” or “interests and fine affections and indolences.” In one portion of the book we were startled with the resemblance to Mr. Arnold Bennett’s method of piling up details of observation in “Clayhanger,” and when we found the scene suddenly changed for awhile to the “Five Towns” we took another glance at the title-page to make sure of our author. The passages in which some of the characters criticise present-day Liberalism and Radicalism are excellent, and in this respect especially we can praise the keenness of Mr. Wells’ insight.

What will the philosopher-novelist (for such we must in the end term him) come to if he goes on in this rather alarming and exciting fashion? If we cannot answer that question satisfactorily, we may at any rate speak of him the words he uses concerning one of his most happily conceived actors, the amiable Willersley—“He goes on, anyhow; most men don’t.” But we do earnestly pray Mr. Wells not to omit that comma in his future work.

THE TRAGEDY OF DESTINY

Crown, Coronet and Clover. By CAROLINE CORNER. (Greening and Co. 6s.)

“By apt alliteration’s artful aid” the Austrian Alpine patrician and peasant life is set forth in an interesting if disconnected manner in Caroline Corner’s “Crown, Coronet and Clover.” The plot is somewhat reminiscent of Anthony Hope, although treated in quite another manner and related in a very different language, the latter being sadly faulty at times. A certain Prince Carl, the Heir-Presumptive to some petty German State, falls in love with Sadie, a Slav peasant-girl, and after various happenings he marries her morganatically. A few short months of wedded bliss pass by, and then Prince Carl, for reasons of State, deserts his young bride and espouses a cousin, the Princess Amelia. This second matrimonial venture proves a failure, the union is a childless one, and it is not long before Prince Carl turns his thoughts again to Sadie, with whom he had been so happy. She, however, rejects all his advances. In the meantime she has borne him a son, and he would fain make the infant his heir with the consent of the Princess his wife, but Sadie refuses to part with her child, and as she is eventually discovered to be a Russian Princess, heiress to vast estates, she is able to have her own way in the matter. For the tragic climax the reader should go to the book itself.

Most of the characters are cleverly drawn, but the story rather overflows with the stereotyped outbursts of a Yankee millionaire, Marmaduke J. Dakins, and his daughter Josie—“‘Poppa, they’re all ascare!’ ‘Any throat-scrapers going?’” and so on *ad nauseam*. Other characters include an Austrian Prince and Princess and some members of the English aristocracy. One of the latter, Lord Carisbrooke, is an artist, and he paints the peasant girl’s picture. It is a remarkable picture, and is supposed to lead in some mysterious way to a great deal of the tragedy narrated. It is called “Destiny,” and depicts “a girl in Carniolan peasant costume standing against the copper wall whereon the bloody Crusades were depicted in life-like relief. And the last red gleam of the setting sun shining on that coppery battlefield cast a gory reflection athwart the fair face of that girl.” It is a pity that the authoress should have such a partiality for gore, which she spills with a lavish hand over no small number of the three hundred and odd pages preceding the tragedy of destiny. The picture, the clover, the sunset are all stained with blood, though none has been shed, and “fire like hell” generally accompanies it. A little of the occult is introduced—“It was as though the astral of that ancient stronghold beckoned to this peasant girl;” but, as the Schloss was “darker than the darkness”—a gem in the way of description—it is probable that Sadie would not have noticed it had the “astral” really done so. In spite of defects of style, made worse by several printer’s errors, “Crown, Coronet and Clover” will no doubt please those who are fond of melodrama—and gory sunsets, &c.

Martin the Mummer. By DOROTHY MARGARET STUART. (Constable and Co. 6s.)

LOVERS of the history of the age of Chivalry and the Tournament times of 1450 and thenceforward, when Philip of Burgundy was a power to be reckoned with in the Low Countries, will enjoy this book.

England, France, and Spain were all plotting and scheming as to whom should be chosen to wed the beautiful Doña Isabella de Coimbra, then living at the Court of her uncle, Duke Philip, and the tale opens with one Sir Aylmer Willoughby, the English Envoy, mistaking a wandering mummer (but of noble birth, and a most marvellous mummer withal) for the son of Duke Richard of England in disguise. How it falls out that the said Martin fills the place at the Court of Burgundy of the English Envoy and spends English money in a lavish fashion (including wax-candles, then an almost unheard-of luxury) on himself and his surroundings, one must read the book to know. Suffice it to say that he well discharges his duties—not easy ones—of watching England’s interests and frustrating schemes inimical to them. He is equally successful in holding his own in the plots and counter-plots in the Court, the chase and the tournament, but loses his heart in the doing of it, and, unfortunately for his peace of mind, can only play the part which Miles Standish played later.

His own love-sick state is best described by a stanza from a song he sings at the Court:—

Can love die! I thought him dead.
Lo! a flame springs from the bier,
Death and time are vanquished,
Love on sorrow deep hath fed.
But he lives unconquered,
Here in my heart here.

Our mummer does many kind and knightly actions, saves the life of one Peter Stalkin (a merry friar), gives generously to a convent of Poor Clares, and is rewarded by a wooden cross, which serves him in trouble. Finally he

goes through unspeakable tortures at the hands of his vicious enemy, a Spaniard (aided by a money-lending Moor), to save the lady of his dreams. All this material, woven into a brilliant mediæval tapestry of life as it then was, makes the story a very interesting one, and we leave Martin the Mummer, having laid down his falsely-assumed position, hastening away in his original garb to escape the sound of the betrothal bells, which ended all his hopes, to embark on a career which perhaps may make "another story." The illustrations are appropriate and vigorous.

A Dual Resurrection. By BERTRAM MITFORD. (Ward, Lock and Co. 6s.)

AFTER reading the first nine or ten chapters of Mr. Mitford's new book, we thought ourselves embarked upon a dull task. Mr. Mitford is not successful in dealing with the English countryside; no doubt the wider spaces and fiercer colours of South Africa have spoiled him for its subtleties. His "noble, arching oaks and the green velvet of fragrant fields," and many such phrases, do not suggest the real thing, and the people he puts amid his artificially described scenes are dull with the dullness which only a fine humorist could make interesting. Paul Ingatrew, the young story-writer, is one of the most feeble characters we have ever met in a readable book; nor does his sister, the heroine, with her "long, artistic fingers," charm us as she charms Halfont, the carefully drawn but colourless hero. Halfont's father is pathetic at times, in his old age saddened by early struggles little relieved by opulence that came too late, and by estrangement from his children. But we wish Mr. Mitford would leave his pipe alone; smoking is very much over-chronicled in modern fiction. Halfont's two sisters are very cut-and-dried types of the learned and the religious young lady respectively. All things considered, we were very glad when the bad reputation of Halfont's double came home to settle on him and drive him away from Agnes Ingatrew to South Africa. This event ought to have occurred much sooner. In Africa Mr. Mitford is on firm ground. He knows the veldt and its people thoroughly, and his Colonials and his Zulus, especially the Zulus, leave little to be desired. Harvey Harland, gun-runner, liquor-smuggler, general "rip," and exact double of the hero, is the best character in the book. All that part of the story which treats of the Zulu rebellion is excellently done, and we wish there had been more. It was disappointing to be snatched away from the thick of it and brought back to Mr. Mitford's lifeless version of English middle-class rural life.

Fancy Farm. By NEIL MUNRO. (Blackwood and Sons. 6s.)

FOR the first few chapters of this book we retained our hope that, in spite of an unpromising beginning, it would presently prove to possess something of that humorous charm that pleased us in "Daft Days." Then we realised our mistake, and set ourselves manfully to accomplish our tedious task of reading it through. There is a Captain Cutlass in it, a person of shadowy eccentricities; there is a girl called Penelope, an ill-bred prig who seems to have read Bernard Shaw without understanding; there is also another girl called Norah—she is the one tolerable character in the book. There is too a poet, another of those novelist-poets of whom we are utterly weary. There is a storm and a broken ankle, and a conflagration in the heroine's bedroom. The volume is, we believe, what is known as a "pawky" book; it is also a very foolish book, quite unworthy of its author. Mr. J. M. Barrie is responsible for a good deal of really bad fiction; as in the case of Dickens,

his imitators appear to find it easier to imitate his faults than to reproduce his merits. We hope that after this Mr. Neil Munro will return to his earlier manner.

The Handicap. By ROBERT E. KNOWLES. (Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier. 6s.)

IF this book had been a first novel we should have said that its author gave great promise of becoming a pure and earnest writer. But as Mr. Knowles has already given the world half a dozen books, we cannot speak so highly of him. It is quite time he became somewhat more alive to the complexities of human nature; that he learned, for instance, to make his good people a little less like the heroes and heroines of parish magazine stories. "The Handicap" deals with life in a Canadian frontier town, and deals with it in a way which is more likely to appeal to schoolgirls and soft-hearted old ladies than to men and women who are awake to the realities of life. The story contains a profusion of rather mawkish sentiment, and also a good deal of humour, both the Irish and the Scotch varieties, which, though not always of the best, is much better than the sentiment. Mr. Knowles is a writer of the very best intentions, and we cannot deny to him a certain grace and simplicity of style which lead us to think that, if he in time grows more sophisticated, he may yet write a good book.

A Gentleman of Leisure. By P. G. WODEHOUSE. (Alston Rivers. 6s.)

THE hero of this entertaining story is a rich young man who wagers that he will make a burglarious entry into a house in New York. The house he chooses, aided by a real burglar, proves to be that of a prominent police official, a successful dealer in "graft" and the father of a beautiful girl with whom our hero has previously fallen in love. We do not propose to give away any more of Mr. Wodehouse's agreeably extravagant plot, but will content ourselves with remarking that he has succeeded in writing an extremely amusing book. The inconsequent wit of the hero is to our liking, and we have derived real enjoyment from his fellow-criminal Spike, who speaks that exotic language, slang-American, with fluency and precision. Mr. Wodehouse dedicates his book to a friend, "without whose never-failing advice, help, and encouragement this book would have been finished in half the time." We commend "A Gentleman of Leisure" to all those who like light-hearted fiction.

BOOKS OF REFERENCE.

Hazell's Annual. (Hazell, Watson, and Viney. 3s. 6d. net.)

The Literary Year-book. (Routledge. 6s. net.)

A Modern Dictionary of the English Language. (Macmillan and Co. 1s. 4d. net.)

Stormonth's Handy Dictionary. (Blackwood and Sons. 7d. net.)

Guide to Palestine and Syria. (Macmillan and Co. 5s. net.)

Historical Atlas. (W. and A. K. Johnston. 1s. 6d. net.)

OWING to the General Election taking place during the latter part of last year, the publication of MESSRS. HAZELL'S ANNUAL has been somewhat delayed, but, at all events, the delay is amply justified, for the present edition includes a biographical list of the members of the new House of Commons, details of the pollings, and comparative tables showing the changes in representation. There is also a chapter devoted

to "The Crisis of 1910," which contains summaries of the most important speeches and resolutions made during the past year. Such affairs of note as the Referendum, the Veto Bill, and the Conference are set forth in a concise and impartial manner, and must prove of great assistance to the busy politician and leader-writer. The successive editions of this annual furnish a most useful and invaluable encyclopædic view of British and foreign politics, diplomatic information, geography, and history. There are also chapters dealing with the Church, Education, Insurance, Sport, Art, Music, the Drama, and Finance, as well as special articles on Engineering Schemes and Aeronautics. Altogether we think that we can safely say that Messrs. Hazell's Annual is, as always, one of the best and most complete books of reference published.

THE LITERARY YEAR-BOOK for 1911 is, as usual, divided into two parts, the first dealing more particularly with authors, literary and press agents, translators and indexes; while the second half is taken up with town and country booksellers, libraries, publishers, societies, and literary clubs. It cannot, of course, be expected that the portion relating to authors should be treated at the same length as we find it in that famous guide, "Who's Who," but sufficient space is allotted to each name mentioned to enable any one to trace the works of a particular author. Some very useful information is also contained under the heading of "Pen-Names and Pseudonyms," where we are supplied with the real names of writers who prefer to attach a *nom de plume* to their effusions. Many additions have been made to the list of Indian periodicals and a separate list of Canadian publications is given. We have heard complaints from one or two sources to the effect that some of the details with reference to the authors' section are not quite accurate, but as Mr. Basil Stewart, on page 9, invites all and sundry to assist him in getting together his information, we do not think that the editor is to blame if some slight errors should have crept into this otherwise excellent and well-arranged volume.

A remarkably cheap Dictionary is that issued by Messrs. Macmillan for the modest price of 1s. 4d., which claims to be "specially suitable for the use of pupils in secondary schools and the upper classes of elementary schools," and which contains in the body of the book the prefixes, abbreviations, and foreign words and phrases usually found in separate Appendices at the end. We also have an enlarged edition of STORMONTH'S SCHOOL DICTIONARY, which is perhaps best described by the term "handy" on the title-page.

For the fifth time we have before us a GUIDE TO PALESTINE AND SYRIA, which has been carefully revised from that issued two years previously. Many developments have taken place in these much-desired and entrancing countries. Two new railways have been opened for traffic which will considerably increase the facility of travelling to and in the Holy Land: many new roads are being made, and we understand that Fast's Hotel in Jerusalem is now lighted by electricity. There are thirteen maps and six plans, and although at first sight it might appear that the book was small when compared with the price charged, a further glance would be sufficient to convince any one that such a mass of information as is contained in so small a compass could not have been collected without great research and considerable expense.

A compact little Atlas is that supplied by Messrs. Johnston under the name of HISTORICAL ATLAS, which must prove a most useful guide to students of history; besides forty-four maps representing the different countries and districts of the world at various periods in their history—such, for instance, as Prussia and Austria during the Seven Years' War—there is also a chronological table of national history, as well as a chapter devoted to Historical Notes.

THE DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY

I.—AN ENCHANTED PLACE

WHEN elder brothers insisted on their rights with undue harshness, or when the grown-up people descended from Olympus with a tiresome tale of broken furniture and torn clothes, the groundlings of the schoolroom went into retreat. In summer-time this was an easy matter; once fairly escaped into the garden, any climbable tree or shady shrub provided us with a hermitage. There was a hollow tree-stump full of exciting insects and pleasant earthy smells that never failed us, or, for wet days, the tool-shed with its armoury of weapons with which, in imagination, we would repel the attacks of hostile forces. But in the game that was our childhood, the garden was out of bounds in winter-time, and we had to seek other lairs. Behind the schoolroom piano there was a three-cornered refuge that served very well for momentary sulks or sudden alarms. It was possible to lie in ambush there, at peace with our grievances, until life took a turn for the better and tempted us forth again into the active world.

But when the hour was tragic and we felt the need for a hiding-place more remote, we took our troubles, not without a recurring thrill, to that enchanted place which our elders called contemptuously the "mouse-cupboard." This was a low cupboard that ran the whole length of the big attic under the slope of the roof, and here the aggrieved spirit of childhood could find solitude and darkness in which to scheme deeds of revenge and actions of a wonderful magnanimity turn by turn. Luckily our shelter did not appeal to the utilitarian minds of the grown-up folk or to those members of the younger generation who were beginning to trouble about their clothes. You had to enter it on your hands and knees; it was dusty, and the mice obstinately disputed our possession. On the inner wall the plaster seemed to be oozing between the rough laths, and through little chinks and crannies in the tiles overhead our eyes could see the sky. But our imaginations soon altered these trivial blemishes. As a cave the mouse-cupboard had a very interesting history. As soon as the smugglers had left it, it passed successively through the hands of Aladdin, Robinson Crusoe, Ben Gunn, and Tom Sawyer, and gave satisfaction to them all, and it would no doubt have had many other tenants if some one had not discovered that it was like the cabin of a ship. From that hour its position in our world was assured.

For sooner or later our dreams always returned to the sea, not, be it said, to the polite and civilised sea of the summer holidays, but to that sea on whose foam there open magic casements, and by whose crimson tide the ships of Captain Avery and Captain Bartholomew Roberts keep faithful tryst with the *Flying Dutchman*. It needed no very solid vessel to carry our hearts to those enchanted waters—a paper boat floating in a saucer served well enough if the wind was propitious—so the fact that our cabin lacked portholes and was of an unusual shape did not trouble us. We could hear the water bubbling against the ship's side in a neighbouring cistern, and often enough the wind moaned and whistled overhead. We had our lockers, our sleeping-berths, and our cabin-table, and at one end of the cabin was hung a rusty old cutlass full of notches; we would have hated any one who had sought to disturb our illusion that these notches had been made in battle. When we were stow-aways even the mice were of service to us, for we gave them a full roving commission as savage rats, and trembled when we heard them scampering among the cargo.

But though we cut the figure of an old Admiral out of a Christmas number, and chased slavers with Kingston very happily for a while, the vessel did not really come into her

own until we turned pirates and hoisted the "Jolly Roger" off the coast of Malabar. Then, by the light of guttering candles, the mice witnessed some strange sights. If any of us had any money we would carouse terribly, drinking ginger-beer like water, and afterwards water out of the ginger-beer bottles, which still retained a faint magic. Jam has been eaten without bread on board the *Black Margaret*, and when we fell across a merchantman laden with a valuable consignment of dried apple-rings—tough fare but interesting—and the savoury sugar out of candied peel, there were boisterous times in her dim cabin. We would sing what we imagined to be sea chanties in a doleful voice, and prepare our boarding-pikes for the next adventure, though we had no clear idea what they really were.

And when we grew weary of draining rum-kegs and counting the pieces of eight, our life at sea knew quieter though no less enjoyable hours. It was pleasant to lie still after the fever of battle and watch the flickering candles with drowsy eyes. Surely the last word has not been said on the charm of candle-light; we liked little candles—dumpy sixteens they were perhaps—and as we lay they would spread among us their attendant shadows. Beneath us the water chuckled restlessly, and sometimes we heard the feet of the watch on deck overhead, and now and again the clanging of the great bell. In such an hour it was not difficult to picture the luminous tropic seas through which the *Black Margaret* was making her way. The skies of irradiant stars, the desert islands like baskets of glowing flowers, and the thousand marvels of the enchanted ocean—we saw them one and all.

It was strange to leave this place of shadows and silences and hour-long dreams to play a humble part in a noisy, gas-lit world that had not known these wonders; but there were consolations. Elder brothers might prevail in argument by methods that seemed unfair, but, beneath a baffled exterior, we could conceal a sublime pity for their unadventurous lives. Governesses might criticise our dusty clothes with wearisome eloquence, but the recollection that women were not allowed on board the *Black Margaret* helped us to remain conventionally polite. Like the gentleman in Mr. Wells' story, we knew that there were better dreams, and the knowledge raised us for a while above the trivial passions of our environment.

We were not the only children who had found the mouse-cupboard a place of enchantment, for when we explored it first we discovered a handful of wooden beads carefully hidden in a cranny in the wall. These breathed of the nursery rather than of the schoolroom, and yet, perhaps, those forgotten children had known what we knew, and our songs of the sea stirred only familiar echoes. It is likely enough that to-day other children have inherited our dreams, and that other hands steer the *Black Margaret* under approving stars. If this indeed be so, they are in our debt, for in one of our hiding-places we left the "Count of Monte Christo" in English, rare treasure-trove for any proper boy. If this should ever meet his eyes he will understand.

RICHARD MIDDLETON.

THE ANARCHIST ENEMY—II.

It was mentioned in our previous article that the execution of the Anarchist Vaillant for throwing a bomb into the midst of the French Chamber of Deputies was followed by several other outrages. The worst of these, that which occurred at the Café Terminus, when one customer was killed and a score were injured, some of them severely, was the work of Emile Henry, who, by the earlier

explosion in the Rue des Bons Enfants, had caused the death of six police officers. This young miscreant was not the same type of man as Ravachol the journeyman dyer, Meunier the carpenter, Léauthier the bootmaker, and Vaillant the barely educated petty clerk. He belonged to a good middle-class family, and had qualified for admission to the École Polytechnique by his remarkable proficiency in mathematics. But he had afterwards deliberately apprenticed himself to a clockmaker in order to learn a branch of mechanics which, said he, would enable him to construct and regulate the most effective of infernal machines. Arrested after a desperate resistance, while he was seeking to escape from the Café Terminus, Henry was tried and sent to the guillotine. A Belgian named Pauwels then came forward to "avenge" him, and, after perpetrating two outrages in the Faubourg St. Martin and the Rue St. Jacques, was killed on the steps of the Madeleine by the premature explosion of a bomb which he was about to throw into the church.

Again there were many perquisitions and arrests; but the authorities, who stubbornly clung to the idea that there must be a central organisation which issued orders for all these outrages, could discover none, and although several Anarchists were sent to prison, no complicity in the recent explosions could be traced to them. Matters were in this unsatisfactory position when in June the same year (1894) President Carnot repaired to Lyons to visit a Colonial Exhibition which was being held there. The present writer happened to be in the city at the same time, and on the evening of June 25th he found himself in the Rue de la République at the moment when the President was assassinated there. The crime was committed at a little past nine o'clock. M. Carnot was on his way to a gala performance at the Grand Théâtre, and his carriage, escorted by a detachment of Cuirassiers, had just turned out of the Place des Cordeliers, the horses both of the escort and the vehicle going at a walk—for although the Rue de la République is seventy-five feet wide the crowd was extremely dense, and there was scarcely room for the Presidential party to pass. As it reached the street a young man rushed forward, holding in his raised right hand a paper which was generally supposed to be a petition. Resting his left hand on the side of the low-built landau in which M. Carnot, the Mayor of Lyons, and two general officers were seated, the young fellow in question sprang up and struck the President a terrific blow. Within the paper which he carried was a poignard, and as one subsequently learnt, the force of his blow was such that the weapon penetrated to a depth of four and a half inches, perforating the liver and opening the *vena porta*. No sooner was the crime committed than the assassin sprang down again, dived between the horses of the landau and those of the escort, and darted across the road towards the spot where we were standing. At that moment few people knew exactly what had happened, but some folk who noticed the young man's sudden rush and excited appearance took him to be an escaping thief; and a pretty servant-girl, who was under that impression, pluckily caught hold of him by the sleeve. He wrenched himself free, however, and struck her in the breast with his fist—for after stabbing the President he had left his weapon in the wound, whence M. Carnot himself withdrew it, letting it drop into the road. The girl we have mentioned reeled backward towards us, and as we caught hold of her to prevent her from falling a shout of indignation arose from several bystanders who had noticed the assault. Some police agents also sprang forward, and the man was seized, just as an *officier de paix* rushed up, shouting, "Tenez le ferme! Il vient d'assassiner le Président!" It was a wonder that the assassin was not lynched on the spot, so great became the indignation when his crime was known. Carnot, it may be remembered, lingered for about

three hours, but from the outset the doctors pronounced the wound to be mortal.

The assassin's name—often given incorrectly—was Santo-Geronimo Caserio. He was born in September, 1873, at Motta-Visconti in Lombardy, where his father was a bargeman, but he had learnt the trade of a baker at Milan, in which city he had also imbibed Anarchist notions from his fellow-journeymen. We have no desire to cast undeserved aspersions on a calling which is a very necessary one, and which is followed by thousands of perfectly respectable people; but there is no doubt that a good many Anarchists are to be found among bakers on the Continent. To avoid military service Caserio left Italy for Lugano in Switzerland, proceeding thence to Geneva, and thence to Lyons, Vienne, and Cette, in France. He pursued his calling in those localities, and became more and more steeped in Anarchism by his intercourse with Swiss, Italian, French, and Spanish members of the sect, several of whom followed the same avocation as himself. It was the execution of Vaillant which first inspired Caserio with the idea of murdering the French President, and he set out from Cette on the Mediterranean, not far from the Spanish frontier, with the deliberate intention of committing that foul deed. Such was his determination that, as he lacked sufficient money to make the entire journey by rail, he covered the last twenty miles on foot, only reaching Lyons some six hours before he carried his abominable design into effect. And yet, the other week, more than one London newspaper asserted that the assassination of President Carnot was planned in our Metropolis. That is a very great error.

Caserio was guillotined, and once again the authorities made perquisitions, effected arrests, and secured a number of stringent enactments from the Legislature. During the following twelvemonth, however, there were three more outrages—two of which were directed against the Rothschild family—and others ensued in subsequent years. An attempt directed against the life of President Faure when he was setting out for Russia may have been due to some Russian Anarchists, even as the one on King Alfonso, while he was driving with President Loubet in Paris, was the work of Spanish members of the sect. Of recent years the French Anarchists seem to have executed an evolution, perhaps because they found the Propaganda by Deeds to be futile, as it only rendered the authorities more vigilant and stringent with respect to them. In any case the French Anarchist has now drawn nearer to the extreme Socialist, with whom he combines for the purpose of diffusing the so-called principles of anti-militarism, the idea being that before anything else is done the armed forces of the State must be got rid of, or won over. To teach soldiers to refuse to do their duty, and if need be to shoot down their officers—such to-day is largely the programme of the Anarchists of France. At the Anarchist Congress of Amsterdam in 1907 the American and Italian members, however, were still prominent in advocating the old Propaganda by Deeds—that is, the throwing of bombs and the assassination of rulers. Proposals were made at that time to form an Anarchist Federation, but they fell through, which in a sense is to be regretted, as federated Anarchism would be a more tangible and extinguishable thing than the elusive Anarchism of petty independent groups or isolated *solitaires*, by whom society has so long been confronted.

Russian Nihilism may perhaps work in a more or less systematic manner, and there may be, or have been, some organisation among the Spanish Anarchists of Barcelona; but no Government has discovered that the sect possesses a central ruling body, and as its principles include the denial of all laws and all authority, it may well be that no "central board" has ever existed. We feel, indeed, that it is pre-

cisely because Anarchism has remained sporadic, hydra-headed, and elusive, that the many efforts made to stamp it out have failed. Nevertheless, apart from the contagion of example, which is responsible for a great deal, the sect undoubtedly comes under a directing influence, that of its secret literature, its secret periodicals, which are passed stealthily from hand to hand; and in this respect particularly there is scope for much greater vigilance on the part of every Government. It is chiefly the dissemination of Anarchist principles by means of the printing-press which keeps the movement alive. Our Police Service did good work not long ago in regard to Indian seditious literature. We await from it a similar service with respect to the literature of Anarchism, in favour of which nobody can possibly claim the "freedom of the Press."

Further, the registration of foreigners arriving in this country is becoming a more and more imperative measure, and there must be a much stricter inspection of foreign clubs. On the subject of the Aliens Act so much has been written in the daily Press that we need only ask that it may be fully and properly administered in accordance with the intentions of Parliament, and not in accordance with the regulations set up by Lord Gladstone, who deliberately transformed a measure from which much benefit might have accrued to the country into a delusion and a sham.

The foreign Anarchists, the foreign Socialists, the foreign cracksmen, the foreign prostitutes, and the foreign bullies in our midst are more numerous than ever. Such a state of things ought not to be allowed, but we confess that we despair of seeing it effectively remedied so long as our social safety is in the keeping of the George, Asquith, Churchill Triumvirate.

INDIA BEFORE THE MUTINY

I.—DEVELOPMENTS OF BRITISH RULE AND LAW.

THE Mutiny of 1857-8 closed a chapter in Indian history, and afforded the opportunity for a fresh departure in England's relations to her greatest Dependency by the Crown assuming in 1858, from the East India Company, the direct government of India. We propose to show in a few papers how successive Viceroys have since that date discharged the trust reposed in them. By way of introduction it will be desirable to survey briefly the preceding period and note the progress already achieved.

By the battle of Plassey in 1757 and the extinction of the French power in 1761, the supremacy of the British in India was established. But their possessions were limited to settlements on the coasts until their contact with the "country powers" drew them onwards. With Clive's acquisition of Bengal, Bihar, and Orissa in 1765 British territorial sovereignty began; Warren Hastings and Cornwallis made some additions; the wars of the Marquess Wellesley (1798-1805) and the Marquess of Hastings (1813-1823) against Mysore and the Marathas constituted the Madras and Bombay Presidencies; Lord Amherst acquired Assam, Arakan, and Tenasserim in 1826; Sindh was annexed in 1843, the Panjab in 1849, Pegu in 1852, Oudh in 1856; some Hindu states, such as Satara, Nagpore, Jhansi fell to the British through want of direct heirs. When, before his death in 1839, Ranjit Singh, the Sikh Maharaja of the Panjab, observed how much of a map of India was coloured red, and was told that the colour indicated British territory, he said with a sigh, "It will soon be all red." His anticipation was not fulfilled. With the exception of a small strip in Bhutan and Upper Burma, annexed in 1886, no territory

has been added to British India since the Mutiny. The native States, numbering some 700, with their different degrees of sovereignty, still occupy three-sevenths of the area, and contain sixty millions, or about one-fifth of the population of India. Clive, in his second Governorship of 1765-7, introduced English rule and endeavoured courageously to eradicate the abuses of private trade, bribery, and corruption. Warren Hastings organised, in the interior of Bengal, the administration of justice already systematised at the Presidency town; he also remodelled the Revenue administration. The Executive Council and the Supreme Court of Justice were created by the Parliamentary Regulating Act of 1773. Cornwallis reformed the Civil Service. Parliament renewed the Company's Charter for periods of twenty years in 1793, 1813, 1833; the last Charter of 1853 retained the Indian territories under the Company in trust for the Crown until Parliament should otherwise direct.

The Statute of 1784 created the Board of Control. The power of legislating was introduced into India, and was first effected by Regulations from 1772, and afterwards by Acts of the Legislative Councils constituted in 1834 and 1854, which passed the numerous laws required to place every department of the Administration on a legal basis. Provision was thus made for the Army, Police, Customs, Salt Revenue, Emigration, Post, and all the details of judicial, revenue, civil and municipal affairs. Acts of Parliament allowed the admission of independent Europeans, previously called interlopers, into India under licences; recognised missionary enterprise, dealt with China trade, the trade in tea, the general India trade; provided for religion, learning, and education. Thus, in 1813, the Bishopric of Calcutta was established and other Bishoprics followed. Also, one lakh of rupees a year was "set apart and applied to the revival and improvement of literature and the encouragement of the learned native of India, and for the introduction and promotion of a knowledge of the sciences among the inhabitants of the British territories in India."

In 1833 important provisions were made for enlarging the rights of European settlers and for protecting the natives and ameliorating their condition. The policy of freely admitting natives of India to a share in the administration of the country was declared in the words "that no native of the said territories, nor any natural-born subject of his Majesty resident therein, shall, by reason only of his religion, place of birth, descent, colour, or any of them, be disabled from holding any place, office, or employment under the Company." The Lieutenant-Governorship of the North-West Provinces dates from 1836; that of Bengal, created to relieve the Governor-General, from 1854; Chief Commissionerships for several parts of India also from that year. The reign of Law has been established throughout, justice also by the maintenance of Judicial Courts. Other matters received attention. A Committee of Public Instruction was formed in 1823. In 1829 *suttee*, or the immolation of widows, was abolished by Lord W. Bentinck by making the abetment of it a punishable crime. Measures were taken for the extirpation of the Thugs who infested Central India. Laws were passed in 1832 and 1850 to secure liberty of conscience by preventing the laws of the native religions from operating to deprive litigants of any property to which they would otherwise be entitled, and to protect converts and others from losing their property on religious grounds. In 1833 Raja Rammohun Roy, who had laboured to advance religious and social reform in India, died in England.

English education in India dates from 1835, when Macaulay's powerful Minute induced Lord W. Bentinck to decide in favour of the Anglicists against the Orientalists. During his rule the principle was affirmed that India is to be governed for the benefit of its peoples. The Press and Printing were serious questions in India from the eighteenth

century. After vicissitudes of control, censorship, licensing, the Press was completely freed from all restrictions by Sir Charles Metcalfe from September 15th, 1835. The first vernacular newspaper was published in 1816, and others followed, but the vernacular Press had no great circulation until the Mutiny. The disasters of the first Afghan war of 1838-42 greatly damaged British prestige in India. Communication between England and India was metamorphosed by the foundation of the Peninsular and Oriental Company in 1840. Slavery was abolished in 1843.

When Lord Dalhousie became Governor-General in 1848, he found an effective Government in working order and the civilisation of India advancing by regular, if slow, methods. To every Department of the Administration he applied a stimulus, and left on each the impress of his personal vigour. In July, 1854, the Court of Directors sent out their famous Education Despatch, which has always been regarded as the Magna Charta of education in India, as it contains the principles which have since been generally followed. It led immediately to the creation of the Calcutta, Bombay, and Madras Universities in 1857. Lord Dalhousie added to British India some of the territories already mentioned. His final Minute of February 28th, 1856, of 180 paragraphs, presented to Parliament, recorded the results of his Administration. He introduced railways, the electric telegraph, and uniform postage; developed the material resources of the country; improved the finances, the Civil administration, prison discipline, education in all branches; he encouraged commerce and navigation, internal and maritime, irrigation and agriculture; he developed the ports and extended the roads; reformed the Department of Public Works; strengthened the measures against *Suttee*, *Thuggi*, gang-robbery, female infanticide, and the Meriah sacrifices; he did much for the military services, and passed various laws for the regulation of criminal justice and police, civil justice and procedure. Briefly, in every direction great progress was made, and foundations were laid for future development. He suppressed internal risings, and left, as he wrote, "the Indian Empire in peace, without and within." The great military revolt of 1857 took the nation by surprise.

WALLACE AND DARWIN

By FRANK HARRIS.

ON Sunday last Dr. Russel Wallace, the great scientist, celebrated his eighty-eighth birthday, and on Monday there appeared an interview with him in which the Doctor, as a determined Socialist, poured contempt on his creed as a scientific observer. The contradiction is common enough and interesting enough to be set forth at some length.

Every one knows that Dr. Russel Wallace shares with Darwin the honours of being the first to attribute the origin of species to Natural Selection. While Darwin was still thinking over the subject and preparing his book for press, he received a MS. essay from Wallace, who was then in the Moluccas. Wallace desired Darwin's opinion on his essay, which he then wished to forward to Lyell. Darwin was startled to find in the essay an admirable statement of his own theory of Natural Selection. Every one knows now how Darwin sent the essay to Lyell, who fortunately was acquainted with his views on the subject. As soon as Dr. Wallace understood the position, he admitted with rare generosity and modesty the claim of Darwin as more important than his own. In fact the two great men seemed to vie with each other in magnanimity and selfless devotion to truth.

The scientific doctrine of Evolution, or of progress as a result of the struggle for existence, has had the most pro-

found influence on every department of human thought. It has changed our way of looking at things; it has founded a new school of sociology, modified our opinions on religion. We are studying religious beliefs to-day historically, as a development of the spirit of man: we are studying, too, the historical development of institutions and the growth of societies as organisms. We are tracing the theory of Evolution in the history of human thought itself, and thus looking at ourselves, as it were, from the outside, by the aid of this new light. We notice, for example, how the atomic theory came to view in science at the moment when the theory of individualism usurped the throne in political economy. And when the atomic theory merged itself in the molecular theory the school of individualism in economics began to be disturbed by theories founded on the claims of the family and of society.

No generalisation has ever exercised such a far-reaching effect on thought as this theory of evolution through Natural Selection. It is hardly necessary to point out that the corresponding belief in sociology is that all progress must come from the gifted individual, from the "sport" who survives and as the fittest propagates his kind. Darwinism lays stress not on the democratic mass and their comfort, but on the few men of talent and power and their incomparable value to society. Darwinism is the creed of the oligarchy, and Dr. Russel Wallace should be the first, one would think, to preach this creed to the people.

But in his interview the other day Dr. Russel Wallace proclaimed himself a Socialist, praised the present Government—"which I have never seen approached;" declared that it is the duty of the Government "to abolish starvation;" and summed up: "You cannot be said to possess civilisation when your people are without food, clothing, and warmth." Dr. Russel Wallace was one of the first, I believe, to advocate the nationalisation of the land, and he will hardly deny that all his efforts as a sociologist have tended towards the levelling-up and lifting of the masses of the people. In other words, his creed as a man of science is contradicted absolutely by his political activity as a Socialist.

RECONCILIATION.

It is, of course, just possible that Dr. Russel Wallace might defend this evident contradiction. He might contend that the masses of the English people were too far sunk in poverty and destitution even to yield "sports" or talents of the highest class. He might point to the fact that the very lowest classes in England, though the most numerous, scarcely ever produce men of rare ability or character, and declare that it was in the interests of "sports" or men of talent themselves that he desires the amelioration of the masses. But that is not his attitude. As a social reformer Dr. Russel Wallace stands for doctrinaire equality. "One man, one vote; one woman, one vote," he cries, maintaining boldly that the voice of Hodge politically (or of Mrs. Hodge) should count for as much as his own voice. He does not see, or will not see, that Equality is the worst injustice. It is for Dr. Russel Wallace himself to explain this patent antinomy of thought—this flagrant contradiction is his preaching.

COMFORT AS A CREED.

Here, in the South of France, one can study democracy and the democratic ideal better than in any other country. The United States, though nominally also a republic, is in reality ruled by capitalists and trusts and given over to the wildest struggle for existence and the maddest inequality. The astounding difference between the two countries all comes from the fact that the Revolution gave the land of

France to the people of France, and the law of succession perpetuated the gift. France has now over five millions of peasant proprietors; more than thirty millions of her population of forty millions live on the land in security, if not in ease, at any rate in such comparative wellbeing as is not given to the masses in any other country. What are the results of this general comfort? First of all, the wheels of progress have been clogged; the population is stationary; France is no longer among the first-rate Powers. Clearly we men are not here for happiness and comfort.

A concomitant of this universal comfort is that France will not face war. It is well known in our governing classes that France the other day refused to support us in combating German pretensions in the Near East. Delcassé was broken on the wheel of peasant prosperity; Ferry wrecked by the adventure in Tonquin. The French peasant will not fight if he can help it.

Secondary consequences are innumerable; nowhere in Europe is paid labour so difficult to get and so inefficient as in France. Here in the South the inconveniences are annoying. Something goes wrong in the house or flat with gas or drain, or clock or handle of a door; one has to wait days and days to get the repairs done. Blame the workman at your peril; he shrugs his shoulders, picks up his tools, and leaves you to your own devices. In every contract now one has to insert "time" as a condition with a penal clause, and even then one has to handle the condition gingerly. The artisan's life is too easy for him; he is too well paid; he works three or four days a week at most, and he works with one hand while smoking a cigarette; he has no ambition except to live as a lazy animal. Things are a little better in the North, but they are bad everywhere. Comfort has killed progress from one end of France to the other.

In this review I have purposely left out of the account other and more obvious ill results of democratic government. Municipal and State, and even Communal life are all honeycombed with corruption. The parade at Nice was extended this summer, and is now falling into the sea; the drain-pipes all showing, the smell even on the Promenade des Anglais horrible, the street cars ridiculous, the gas and electricity tenth-rate. On all sides corruption, inefficiency, and laziness, the inevitable results of democratic institutions and the democratic ideal of comfort. We men are "a little breed," and seem to require the spur of injustice and the whip of necessity to make us do our work even fairly well.

DR. RUSSEL WALLACE.

But my disagreement with Dr. Russel Wallace does not diminish my sincere admiration for him as a man of genius. It is now twenty years since I first met him and had much talk and pleasant intercourse. He is very tall, about 6ft. in height, and well though loosely made. His whole face is framed in silver hair: the features are regular, well-balanced; the eyes super-excellent—the light in them that of genius; he has the candour of a child. Dr. Russel Wallace meets every one with amiability and gentle courtesy. He will discuss any subject, and while defending his own views with rare ability, will listen to diametrically opposed opinions with keen sympathy. A very noble, simple, great nature.

If the Order of Merit had had any meaning, his name would have figured first in the list when the Order was first created, instead of the name of some general or admiral whose services to man never spread beyond his quarter-deck or the mess-room table; which reflection reminds me that Dr. Russel Wallace would have an easy reply to me in pointing out the shortcomings of our aristocratic institutions. But so long as there is progress there is hope.

CHARLES BAUDELAIRE.—II.

It is impossible to consider the whole work of a poet of such original and diverse talent as Charles Baudelaire in the course of two short articles, and he stands too close for us to be able to adjust properly our mental perspective in a consideration of his genius. His influence is still a living factor in modern poetry and art, and has not as yet been worked out to its logical conclusion. He stands on the threshold of an age of art in which we live, and it must remain for future generations to analyse his works with the calm gaze of a disinterested age. And it is hard to classify Baudelaire's poetry, as he stands more or less alone. Some of his poems resemble beautiful, richly-coloured pictures. They rather evoke an image in our minds than play upon our emotions. Here, of course, we see the influence of the "l'Art pour l'Art" school, with its founder, the painter-poet, Théophile Gautier. Yet Baudelaire cannot definitely be classed as one of this master's disciples. For the dim haze of mysticism creeps into his work, and from time to time veils the architectural definition of his pictures; while the poems of Gautier are like fair landscapes and palaces of rose-coloured marble standing in the full rays of the sun. Baudelaire has sometimes been called a "Réaliste," one of the school of Auguste Comte, the philosopher, and Flaubert, the author of that grimly realistic novel, "Madame Flaubert." True, Baudelaire, by his unblushing precision in the description of the horrors and evils of modern life seems to belong to this school. But the richness of his phantasy to a great extent marks him as a figure apart. Baudelaire has had a considerable influence on modern English poetry; traces of this are to be seen in the works of Oscar Wilde, and to an even greater extent in those of Swinburne. One of Swinburne's choicest works, indeed, is his "Ave atque Vale," a poem which breathes genuine sympathy and devotion; a worthy memorial erected in memory of the dead French poet on the highway of English literature. This beautiful verse—

Thou sawest, in thine old singing season, brother,
Secrets and sorrows unbeheld of us:
Fierce loves, and lovely leaf-buds poisonous,
Bare to thy subtler eye, but for none other,
Blowing by night in some unbreathed-in clime;
The hidden harvests of luxurious time,
Sin without shape, and pleasure without speech;
And where strange dreams in a tumultuous sleep
Make the shut eyes of stricken spirits weep;
And with each face thou sawest the shadow on each,
Seeing as men sow men reap—

is an admirable epitome of Baudelaire's strange genius.

Baudelaire's philosophy consists in a sort of restless pessimism; a sense of the impotence of man's petty struggles to escape from the folds of the black shroud of "ennui." His beautiful poem entitled "Le Voyage," and itself included in a series called "La Mort," expresses the grim, despairing world-weariness and melancholy of his restless soul. In the first verse he grasps the vagaries of human phantasy, and the power of illusion in the two wonderful lines:—

Ah! que le monde est grand à la clarté des lampes!
Aux yeux du souvenir que le monde est petit!

He then proceeds to sketch, in the language of disillusioned melancholy, illumined by flashes of scenic beauty, the voyage through the world. Some to fly a country which disowns them; others a home which has become hateful; others, maddened by the scorn in a woman's eyes, to drown their sorrow with the intoxicating draught of light and space. Then come the two verses:—

Mais les vrais voyageurs sont ceux-la seuls qui partent
Pour partir; cœurs légers, semblables aux ballons,
De leur fatalité jamais ils ne s'écarterent,
Et sans savoir pourquoi, disent toujours; allons!

Ceux-là dont les désirs ont la forme des nues,
Et qui rêvent, ainsi qu'un conscrit le canon,
Des vastes voluptés, changeantes, inconnues,
Et dont l'esprit humain n'a jamais su le nom!

These verses show the poet's love of dreams, his realisation that only the realms of phantasy are beautiful. We may call it the philosophy of dreams. Then come the matchless verses in which the travellers through the world, the seekers of distraction in unknown lands, describe their voyages:—

. Nous avons vu des astres
Et des flots; nous avons vu des sables aussi;
Et malgré bien des chocs et d'impie ou désastres,
Nous nous sommes souvent ennuyé, comme ici.
La gloire du soleil sur la mer violette,
La gloire des cités dans le soleil couchant,
Allumaient dans nos cœurs une ardeur inquiète
De plonger dans un ciel au reflet alléchant.
Les plus riches cités, les plus grands paysages,
Jamais ne contenaient l'attrait mystérieux
De ceux que le hasard fait avec les nuages.
Et toujours le désir nous rendait soucieux!

The centre verse is a perfect picture. The last two lines of the third verse describe in wonderful precision the illusionary nature of all hope. The poem ends with the two verses—

O mort vieux capitaine, il est temps! levons l'ancre!
Ce pays nous ennuie, Ô Mort! Appareillons!
Si le ciel et la mer sont noirs comme de l'encre
Nos cœurs que tu connais sont remplis de rayons!
Verse nous ton poison pour qu'il nous reconforte
Nous voulons, tant ce feu nous brûle le cerveau.
Plonger au fond du gouffre, Enfer ou ciel, qu'importe?
Au fond de l'inconnu pour trouver du nouveau!

Here again we see his restless burning passion for novelty and sensation, a longing to be rid of a life which held no further secrets or hopes for his penetrating mind. All through his works we find death considered as a longed-for consummation, as a great comforter. "La Mort des Pauvres" runs:—

C'est la mort qui console, hélas et qui fait vivre,
C'est le but de la vie, et c'est le seul espoir.

In "La Mort des Amants" his lovers mingle in their phantasy the mystery of death with the perfumed luxury of their marriage couch, and dream of death as a sort of consummation of their insatiable love:—

Nous aurons des lits pleins d'odeurs légères,
Des Divans profonds comme des tombeaux,
Et d'étrange fleurs sur des étagères,
Éclores pour nous sous des cieus plus beaux.

There is one poem of Baudelaire, "La Danse Macabre" in which death masquerades at the ball, beautiful in the lean horror of its charm. It reminds us of an engraving by Felicien Rops, entitled "La Mort au Bal Masqué." Another where he describes all the terrible surroundings of a gambling-hell: the faded cushions; the brilliant glare of the lights falling on the haggard, careworn faces of the players; women who, on the verge of the grave, cannot tear themselves from the tables, and poets who dissipate the fruit of their labours in an hour. Space will not permit us to describe more of the genius of Baudelaire's poetry and his prose poems, and the greater portion of that bouquet of rich blossoms, "Les Fleurs du Mal," must remain for the present unmentioned. In conclusion, we may, perhaps, be permitted to apply a verse of his own poetry to a description of his talent and mission in life:—

. Il descend dans les villes,
Il ennoblit le sort des choses les plus viles,
Et s'introduit en roi, sans bruit et sans valets,
Dans tous les hôpitaux et dans tous les palais.

S. A.-B.

THE THEATRE

THE LITTLE THEATRE

The Saloon. By HENRY JAMES.*Just to Get Married.* By CICELY HAMILTON.

If the writings of any author in the world of English fiction should be named as unsuitable for adaptation for the stage, those of Mr. Henry James would probably be the first to occur to us. His art is so subtle, so dependent upon the ability of the reader to turn back a page, tighten the threads of the story, retrace the paths of thought, that the stage, with its direct representations, seems an impossible place to meet the author of the intricacies of "The Golden Bowl," the delicate suggestions of "The Sacred Fount," and the serene studies of "The Soft Side."

In "The Saloon," however, produced at the Little Theatre on Wednesday evening last, Mr. Henry James took for his central idea a theme which had dramatic possibilities, and he was fortunate in the fine acting which was placed at his disposal. Owen Wingrave, descendant of a long line of warlike ancestors, hates war, is of the opinion that "the military delusion is a barbarism," and refuses, for the sake of his "beautiful high convictions," to carry on the tradition and fight for his country. The girl to whom he is engaged pours her contempt upon him in a scene of tremendous effect—a scene which few who saw it will easily forget. "Life! what do you call life?" he demands, as she upbraids him. "Glory!" comes the answer. "Rot!" he snaps, each word sharp as a pistol-shot. His people disown and disinherit him. The final interview is thrilling; Kate Julian calls him a coward, but, repenting when too late, is thrust aside by him in a frenzy of emotion. Wingrave falls, in dense blackness, and the curtain descends to a whisper of "Dead . . . dead!" He has died on the very spot—"The Saloon"—where another member of the family met his death at the hand of his resentful, soldierly grandfather for similarly "showing the white feather;" the spectre still haunts the scene, and the supernatural element is introduced as the cause of his death. This aspect of the play, however, is melodramatic and perilously near to absurdity.

Such is a meagre outline of the plot; but half the effect is due, as every student of Mr. Henry James will know, to the magic of the dialogue. Humour is not lacking, and were the author's name concealed it would be guessed from the unmistakable phrases—"I don't want *not* to know"—"Scruples, doubts, discoveries"—"Beautiful high convictions"—which are inseparable from his style. Mr. Everard Vanderlip as Wingrave was as portentous a young man as the occasion demanded, and Miss Dora Barton acted the furiously indignant *fiancée* excellently. Mr. Halliwell Hobbes, Miss Frances Wetherall, Miss Mary Stuart, and Mr. Owen Nares took the subsidiary parts with taste and skill. In spite of the too lurid ending, we confess to the same desire which results from reading some of Mr. James's books—the wish to have it all over again, for he is one of the few authors of whom it can be said that to know what is coming does not spoil the charm.

Miss Cicely Hamilton's clever comedy, "Just to Get Married," revived this week at the same theatre, portrays the dilemma of a woman supported by her relations chafing at her intolerable sense of dependence, anxious for a husband merely that such a miserable state of affairs may be ended. Having accepted her suitor, whose bashfulness and hesitation provoke much mirth, she cannot bear the thought of the coming marriage without love, and in a tragic scene on the eve of the wedding informs him that had he been any one else she would

have "said 'Yes' just the same," and refuses to marry him. Reconciliation comes in the last Act, in the waiting-room of a country station—a very realistic waiting-room it is, too; but her reversal of the *rôle*, when she asks him to marry her provided he will not do it "out of pity," seems too sudden to be at all natural. Miss Gertrude Kingston, however, gave her audience so fine a display of acting as Georgina Vicary that the flaw was minimised. At times she approached greatness—as when she says: "You know, poor relations don't count for much, even when they're young and beautiful; but when they grow old and plain . . . O, my God, they ought not to be allowed to grow old!"—and bursts into a fit of sobbing. Mr. Rupert Lister as Adam Lankester had a difficult part, which he played extremely well, and Mr. Thomas Sidney fitted the character of Sir Theodore Grayle with a delightful humour. A fairly high level of accomplishment was maintained by all concerned, and there is good reason to congratulate Miss Gertrude Kingston upon her combination of two so different and by no means easy plays in a single evening's bill.

MUSIC

ELGAR'S NEW CONCERTO

SIR EDWARD ELGAR's new Concerto was heard at the Queen's Hall on Monday last (the 16th inst.) under circumstances sufficient to test its virtues to the utmost; for, though it was the chief concern of the afternoon, it had as its introductory the triumph of triumphs in that most difficult test of the composer's power—Beethoven's Concerto in D Major. The fact that it bore the test with such unqualified success makes it an undeniable fact that we have to face in this work the most important contribution to the music of Europe for some time past. These are not words in excess of the fact. We remember hearing, not so long ago, one of Straus' Tone-Poems coming after the Third Leonora Overture. It was a severe test; it was too severe a test. It threw up into sudden and brilliant lustre the success of Monday afternoon. There was another excellence about it too that is worthy of note. At the earlier concert it appeared in company with Brahms. It then seemed a noteworthy work indeed; but it bore the sterner test with even greater splendour of success than the lesser test—and this is the hall mark of supreme work.

We had not heard Fritz Kreisler's interpretation of Beethoven's Concerto before. It is, perhaps, too late in the day to praise either Beethoven's one masterly effort in this difficult branch of composition or its exponent of Monday. It is the highest of possible praise to say that Mr. Kreisler made no attempt to overwhelm Beethoven with Kreisler. He made it his business to do what it is the business of every virtuoso to do—to interpret, and only to interpret. So much was this virtue in evidence, that even in the solos he gave us Beethoven, making these recapitulations of the leading antecedent motives in the work. The result was that the mind emerged on to the subsequent argument not only with renewed strength, but with the whole progress hitherto achieved clearly before it.

This is to say that when subsequently we turned to Elgar it was after hearing the greatest of Concertos at its best. The mind was so lifted and purged with lofty emotion that one almost feared for the coming work. Yet it was not wholly owing to this that we felt a little disappointed with the opening *Allegro*. It is admirably constructed, and is proof, if proof were needed after "The Dream of Gerontius," that in the architectonics of music Elgar is not wanting. But it was uneven in excellence. The opening *Tutti* and

the subsequent motives make an admirable preamble to the majestic introduction of the solo instrument. The emotional mood is ripened in us for the opening dignity of low, unostentatious, yet dignified entrance of the soloists. But, then, as the gravity gives place to the contest with the orchestra a change comes over the music, and, it must be said, not altogether a desirable change. That is to say, instead of relying on broad emotional effects he turns to such effects as we are becoming accustomed to in, say, Debussy and the later Straus—a reliance on complicated and unconvincing mimicry of the mood in him rather than an effort to create that mood for and in us. This change starts a little before the key changes to D minor and continues nearly to the end.

Yet even this has its advantage, although it is very doubtful if the advantage was intended. For being released thus from a high emotional mood we are the better prepared for the beautiful *Andante* that follows. Of this movement it is impossible to speak too highly. Comparisons are invidious; but the two other beautiful things in modern music, "Elektra's Welcome to Orestes" and the third or fourth movement in "Finlandia," seem puerile beside it, particularly the former. It is above analysis; it is almost above praise. It is Elgar at his best because it is Elgar in his most characteristic mood. Its beauty, that is to say, is contemplative and deep with all intimate emotion. One remembers the similarity of mood in parts of his symphony, but it is incomparably purer and richer in this *Andante* movement. To hear it is to pass through an enriching experience, which is more than one can say of much modern work, which is not concerned with enrichment but with excitement.

The concluding *Allegro molto* opens with a violent contrast, almost too much of a contrast, indeed, for those who have lingering in their memory the tender beauty of the earlier movement. With its chords given *vivace*, *fortissimo* in *tutti* it leads us quickly away to new experiences. But when we strike the *Rondo* we recover some of the old mood, for Elgar is like Beethoven in this, that he can awake memory of his deepest moods in his brightest movements. In this way he works his way to a predominance of the solo-instrument accompanied by the "thrumming" of most of the strings of the orchestra. This is Elgar's innovation. We can see that it has excellent possibilities, but as it was given by the orchestra on Monday it was scarcely a success. The "thrumming" was not continuous enough, nor emphatic enough.

The movement closed fitly with reminiscences of the *Andante*. Dealing with the work as a whole, we could wish that Elgar would reduce some of the complication at the end of the *Allegro* movement, and also that he would bring some of his power of architectonic to bear on the third movement, giving it more of compactness. It needs a little purging even as the Second Leonora Overture needed, and received, purging. But as it stands it is a lofty piece of work, the noblest contribution to the world's music for this many a day. It is with some pardonable pride that we reflect on the composer's nationality.

ROYAL ACADEMY: WINTER EXHIBITION

THE work of the "Five Deceased British Artists" which constitutes the forty-second Winter Exhibition of the Royal Academy this season may be regarded as an admirable foil, or antidote—which the reader pleases—to the more vivid and exciting phases of Post-Impressionism that have recently been widely discussed. An atmosphere of almost classic restraint, of coolness and sanity and English good taste, pervades the familiar galleries, and, while we speak of

"atmosphere" (poor overworked word!), it is interesting to compare the visitors who promenade so quietly with the crowd which throngs round the noted "pictures of the year" in May. Dresses and manners are different; there is more of the serious, less of the vivacious; there is also, apparently, a greater proportion of genuine appreciation and capable observation than can be found among the gay assembly of Spring and Summer. One overheard, for example, few of those inept remarks which are so frequent in the Maytime, and which would be funny were they not so pathetic—"Too sweet for anything," "Simply delicious," "A ripping thing," and so on—qualifications which might be applied equally aptly to a box of chocolates or a new hat. However, we must not neglect the paintings for the fascinating, shadowy figures that glide, and point, and murmur as in some dim, memorable dream.

The first gallery is devoted entirely to the work of John M. Swan, and presents one or two curious contrasts. "The Young Orpheus" and the "Endymion" are finely spiritual, full of ethereal beauty, while a portrait of the artist's daughter seems unaccountably flat and unappealing. Another "Orpheus," very much larger than the first, stands out from the pictures round it by reason of its delicacy of colour and line; the delightful touch of dense blue distance glimpsed beneath the trees holds the eye wonderfully. The artist's first Academy picture is here—"Dante and the Leopard"—and many of the animal studies which formed so large a portion of his art.

The famous "Railway Station" of W. P. Frith claims, perhaps, most attention in the second room. It is a peep at almost an early stage of civilisation compared with our railway scenes of to-day, so strange is the antiquated locomotive, so curious are the costumes of the characters. We may call them characters legitimately, since they are so evidently brought to the front of the stage for the benefit of the beholder. Perhaps some artist will idealise the present-day Paddington for us on a less crowded canvas, although we can hardly hope for the same marvellous skill in grouping the essential "story-telling" points and presenting them as a whole. "Hogarth before the Governor of Calais," with its perfectly drawn hands, and "King Charles the Second's Last Sunday" are two other large pictures by Frith shown here. How exquisite is the view of the distance through the window in the latter painting! In this room are several portraits by Sir W. Q. Orchardson, and the next is filled with his work. A portrait of Lord Swaythling arrests the spectator, and is of mournful interest just now.

The picture of "Mrs. Siddons in the Studio of Sir Joshua Reynolds," the "Social Eddy: Left by the Tide," with its charming clarity of colour, and the quaint "Housekeeping in the Honeymoon" are three of the artist's happiest paintings on view; and the delicate yet realistic tapestry on the wall in the picture of "The Young Duke" is one of those secondary effects which are liable to be missed in the more striking display of the main theme. In "The Last Dance" (Gallery IV.) it is interesting to perceive a great difference between this and the other very English work; the picture might well be by a Frenchman of the Modern school, so suggestive of warmth and movement is it. It is unfinished, but there is enough in it to keep the attention fixed: the attitude of the man sitting, leaning forward, watching—how impressive and tense it seems! Many of the portraits are well known and need hardly be mentioned; but in the painting of Miss Moxon (afterwards Lady Orchardson) the bright red dress seems to overwhelm the eye; it grips vividly, distracting attention from the face.

In this room and the next are hung some beautiful landscapes of David Farquharson and Robert W. Macbeth—the exquisite "Aberfeldy" and "The Storm at Haytime," and the "Sardine Fishery." This last seems to lack the sense

of atmosphere, and the sea looks hard; the same effect is noticeable in two or three other paintings by Macbeth, and it is somewhat inexplicable when we consider the fine veiled charm of his "Sodden Fen" and "The Lass that a Sailor Loves" in the fifth gallery. These, however, are his later and better work. Farquharson's magnificent "Full Moon and Spring Tide" is here, its waves seeming to dash and swirl against the dark Cornish cliffs, and his splendid "Dartmoor," with its suggestions of bleak, wide spaces and heathery winds.

The Water-Colour Room is full of interesting studies—many of them in chalks, and the etchings in the Black-and-White Room exhibit another aspect of the work of Macbeth. A few statuettes—notable is a lovely "Orpheus" by Swan—complete a remarkably interesting and profitable exhibition.

FACILIS DESCENSUS

ON a bluff overlooking the storm-beaten coast-line stands an ancient mansion surrounded by fair gardens. By imperceptible advances the sea, age on age, has planed down the adjoining land frontier and crept homeward. When the old house was built the edge of the cliff was a long ramble across the meadows. Down in the dells and grips through which the footpath led you by zigzagging ways grew great patches of meadowsweet and willow-herb. In the Spring-time all the grassy slopes and terraces were studded with the rather primrose. In those days a troop of boys and girls ran races about the coombes and ravines, and, to the children, the yellow primrose and all things else, from the majestic roof fretted with golden fire to the sandy marge where the slow, sad pulse of ocean beat, belonged to a land of romance. Fairies had not then grown too stiff in the joints to dance o' nights. Wisdom was not bottled into a preserve which fermented when the air got to it. Wisdom dropped as the gentle dew from heaven. When the long days drew to a close, and lights crept upward in the old house, like stars into the sky, borne upon the wings of the evening breeze came visions and dreams and memories, as of some other world. Surely the young-eyed cherubim had their home in the dome strewn with stars. An old house such as this must have been the children's home in a former existence. To them the wind sang with an insistent voice. Its language was quaint but real. The birds were God's choristers. Their notes were no mere chance sounds, such as men scrape or blow or hammer.

Years crept away. The children were children no longer. They had been put through the mill of "education." The boys had grown conscious, the girls artificial. The navy's graphic phrase was true of both of them—they were "too big for their boots." The boys' babble was mainly of "good form," the girls' of "accomplishments," not accomplishment. "Sport" had early claimed both boys and girls for its own. Sport was no longer a spontaneous impulse. It was part of "education."

Another fifteen years slipped away. The troop of children had boys and girls of their own about them. Each of the original children moved in a groove which had no passage to right or left. To them the whole game of life consisted in travelling forward a defined distance and slipping back over the same ground. It was pitiful, but they had become automata. Volition, initiative, had almost disappeared from their economy. The puppets worked on wires, social, political, and what not. What was worse still was the fact that, whereas they themselves started with visions and dreams, they took very good care to discourage such nonsense in their own children.

Herein is a parable of the modern edition of the word "development." The nineteenth century, which folk are

now so anxious to tell us was a dark age, at least produced a gallant crop of names that have carried on the tradition of our race. The history of a race is the history of its great men. The name of many a Field-Marshal of that era who carried a bâton in his knapsack is now inscribed upon our banners. The old Imperial temper flashed forth when we fought with our back to the wall, amid nations who stood around and watched for our downfall. Now our foes are of our own household. The poison of asps is under their lips. Trick and artifice are statesmanship, scurrility is eloquence:—

"Twere long to tell, and sad to trace,
Each step from splendour to disgrace.

Will the English people rouse from its torpor and shake off the deadly force creeping over its vitality from within and without? Racially we are changing fast. Cosmopolitanism has lowered the resisting power of the breed, but we cannot blot out our nobility of lineage as a people. The Imperial trumpet-call is now sounding in our ears. The Englishman used to be bad to beat. Napoleon, according to all laws of strategy, ought to have beaten us at Waterloo, but our thick-skulled obstinacy saved us there and elsewhere. The nation that was wont to conquer others stands to-day at the parting of the ways. One road leads to mob-law, chaos, revolution. The other path leads to ordered advance, reform of old abuses, and ancient power rekindled.

Our great allies of British blood beyond the seas watch whether the Motherland is stooping to her decline and fall or if they may still look up to her as leader. Ill will it be for those who, whether from apathy or drift, play traitor to our Constitution at this supreme moment of our national fate.

SOME OLD-FASHIONED RAILWAY NOTIONS

THE youth of the present day, to whom railway travelling is as familiar as walking, can have little idea of the wonder with which grave and learned people regarded it in the early stages of its development, or of the crude and comical notions that were then entertained concerning railways and their management. The writer discovered the other day a reprint of two pamphlets on "Railway Accidents" which were published more than sixty years ago as part of a scientific series. Some of the impressions ventilated are incredibly queer and amusing in the light of our later knowledge; others are sound and sensible, indicating common-sense improvements which even yet are not perfected.

The first brochure begins with a solemn enunciation of the axiom that whatever may be the agency by which personal locomotion is produced, it has always been attended with danger to life and limb. Enlarging on this theme, it goes on to give elaborate tables and analyses of accidents and their causes, and comes to the mild conclusion that there is no very great amount of danger in travelling by rail after all. The sources of disaster—collision, derailment, etc.—are dealt with, and suggestions are made that more efficient brake-power should be provided, also better means of communication between passengers and guards. Realising that these points have been emphasised for over half a century, and are not satisfactorily settled now, one is inclined to wonder at the scarcity of reliable inventions, and perhaps at the long-suffering character of the public.

The more curious of the tracts is the second, which starts by insisting on the need of intercourse between the passengers in the train and the driver. It is stated that the Great Western Railway proposed to "fix at the back of the

tender a seat for a conductor, in a sufficiently high position to see along the roofs of the carriages, so as to have a perfect view of the entire side-length of the train, and a means of passing from side to side of the tender, so as to get a view of each side of the train. Such a conductor, from his proximity to the engine, could immediately communicate with the driver, and each guard upon the coaches of the train could communicate with such conductor by signals." One is conscious of a feeling of pity for any official so situated on, let us say, the "Cornish Riviera, Limited," running from Paddington to Plymouth without a stop. What salary would be necessary to tempt him nowadays?

The London and North Western Company proposed "that the underguard should always stand in his van next to the engine, with his face to the train, so as to observe any signal of distress, irregularity, or derangement among the carriages which the chief guard stationed at the rear of the train might make." A communication between the underguard and the driver was necessary to complete this arrangement, and the Company accordingly directed "that means should be provided by which the underguard should be enabled at pleasure to open the whistle of the engine." The picture of the poor guard glued to his post, clutching the whistle-cord, is an entertaining one.

Proceeding to comment on such accidents as can be avoided by the passengers' own care, the pamphlet supplies solemnly several "Plain Rules for Railway Travellers." The first gives the familiar caution to refrain from getting into or out of a train when it is in motion. The second enjoins them never to sit "in any unusual place or posture," and goes on to say:—"On some lines of railways seats are provided on the roofs of the carriages. These are to be avoided. Those who occupy them sometimes inadvertently stand up, and when the train passes under a bridge they are struck by the arch." Again:—"Passengers should beware of leaning out of carriage-windows, or of putting out their arm, or if a *second-class carriage, as sometimes happens, has no door, they should take care not to put out their leg!*" It sounds somewhat as though the country possessed a one-limbed population; but the advice was doubtless well meant and necessary. Instances of accidents are then given by way of enforcing the caution, some of which are worth quoting:—"On the Manchester and Leeds Line a passenger getting over the side of a carriage instead of going out by the door fell, and was killed." On the Bodmin and Wadebridge Line, on the 3rd of August, 1844, a passenger, jumping from one carriage to another, fell between, and was killed." "On the Preston and Wyre Line, on the 8th of August, 1845, a passenger, improperly sitting on the side of a carriage, fell off, and was killed." Some of these remarks remind us of the time when passengers were carried in open, unroofed trucks, and porters were distinctly forbidden to assist third-class voyagers with their luggage.

Another quaint rule advises that express trains should be used only when great speed is indispensable, as they are attended with more danger than ordinary trains. In amplifying this the mentor adds:—"To work express trains with safety an additional line of rails should be laid down and appropriated to them. Their number per day being necessarily small, and the duration of their trips short, the same line of rails might, without inconvenience or danger, serve for the traffic in both directions, as on single lines of railway." This is illuminating, and sounds rather terrifying; but then our sixty-mile-an-hour flyers were unknown and undreamed-of in those good old times.

Rule 9 says:—"Beware of yielding to the sudden impulse to spring from the carriage to recover your hat which has blown off, or a parcel dropped." The writer was perfectly serious, too, for he remarks—dear man!—that "there is an impulse, it would appear, which in some individuals is

almost irresistible, to leap from a train to recover their hats when blown off or accidentally dropped;" and he gives instances and dates, as before. Reading these lines, an overpowering regret takes hold of the modern man that their composer cannot be treated to a run north or west on one of the famous non-stop expresses of the present day. His opinions might be worth hearing.

Rule 12 brings us to a state of things which is now obsolete. "If you travel with your private carriage, do not sit in it on the railway; take your place by preference in one of the regular railway carriages." This is driven home by a vivid description of an accident which occurred to a Countess and her maid on December 8th, 1847. The private carriage, on a truck, contained the two as passengers; it caught fire from cinders projected by the locomotive, and the passengers suffered, the maid having her skull fractured through jumping off to escape the conflagration.

Such were some of the ancient notions; but it is not wise to laugh too heartily, for some day—who knows?—people may be smiling at us and our antiquated ideas as to travelling in the air.

THE LONDON INSTITUTION

THE Right Rev. Bishop Welldon, M.A., in opening his lecture entitled "Some Thoughts Suggested by Travels over the Empire" at the London Institution last Monday, observed that were it not for the horrors of the British climate there would probably have been no British Empire; a remark which was called forth by the foggy state of the atmosphere outside, which had doubtless thinned his audience. Those who came, however, had the pleasure of listening to an eloquent and very pertinent address.

The lecturer gave it as his opinion that the modern facilities for locomotion, which have rendered a tour of the world as easy as was a tour of Europe in Chesterfield's day, entail upon everyone who has the time the duty of knowing the world as much as possible. He then enlarged upon the extent of the Empire, and commented upon the great debt owed to Queen Victoria, he having been impressed, when in India at the time of her death, by the spontaneous action of the poor in closing their little booths in token of sorrow—the common people had learned to look on her as their friend.

The growth of the British Empire, continued Bishop Welldon, might be divided into four periods. In one sense it was the child of the Reformation, since the ideas of great opportunities and responsibilities which subsequently pervaded England were born at about that date: the spirit of courage, intrepidity, adventure, and piety which animated the famous Elizabethan mariners was also mentioned, and the names of Drake, Hawkins, Frobisher, Raleigh, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, Chancellor, and Grenville drew forth a natural eulogy. The second period, that of Oliver Cromwell, was marked by the conflict between England and Spain. To Cromwell was attributed the idea of making Westminster Abbey the resting-place of our illustrious dead for all time. Milton was the "first true Christian British Imperialist;" in him lived and burned the conception of the Empire and its work in the world which has actuated his countrymen for so many years; the lesson he taught has never been lost.

William Pitt, Lord Chatham, represented the beginning of the third period. The Battle of Plassey had laid the foundations of the Empire in India just before George III. came to the Throne; and, incidentally, the lecturer remarked that there could be no greater mistake than the forcing of a Western secular education on the natives of India. All over the world the majority of people want to be left alone. The defeat of Russia by Japan in recent years was the rolling back of the tide of Western progress, and marked the first

real triumph of the Orient over the Occident. Wolfe's victory, which gave us Canada, was alluded to, with the colonisation of Australia and the capture of Cape Colony. England at this period began to extend her domains in the Southern hemisphere, and the part played by the Pilgrim Fathers was emphasised by comment on the legal, political, economic, and religious ties which bind us to our neighbours across the Atlantic.

The remarks which followed the theme of the fourth period—the Victorian—were perhaps the most interesting of the evening. It is customary, said the speaker, to consider the British Empire as though it were an isolated phenomenon in the history of mankind; but, in the words of Sir John Seeley, it was "the only considerable survivor of a family of empires now vanished, which arose out of the contact of the Western States of Europe with the new worlds opened by the discoveries of Vasco di Gama." Our insular position tended to preservation, keeping us free to a certain extent from entanglement with European affairs; but that isolation may be gravely threatened by the development of aeronautical science. When he first took an interest in aviation, said Bishop Welldon, he was much amused by receiving a letter from a lady who reproached him with forgetting who was the "Prince of the powers of the air."

The vital importance of the colonies was insisted upon—"the first article of a true Imperial policy is to knit the colonies to the mother-country by every possible tie." With some humorous but extremely sensible observations on the extraordinary prevalence of the English language, the lecture was brought to a conclusion.

On Monday, January 23rd, at 5 p.m., Professor Walter Raleigh will lecture on "Hazlitt."

ENGLISH GOETHE SOCIETY

SIR JAMES YOXALL, M.P., at the meeting of the English Goethe Society on January 12th, Dr. L. T. Thorne in the chair, delivered a most interesting address, taking as his subject "Goethe Back from Italy." Those members of the Society who had taken part for the last two years in visits to the Weimar celebration, as well as the members of the Reading Circle of the Society who are making a special study of Goethe's Italian journey, could fully appreciate the lecturer's graphic and intensely sympathetic description of the great poet's standpoint when he found himself once again in the confined limits of the Grand Ducal capital after his fuller intellectual and artistic life in Rome. Regarding his subject, perhaps more from the imaginative point of view of the novelist than the purely literary one, Sir James Yoxall sought to disprove the popular theory as to the relationship between Goethe and Christiane Vulpius, taking a much more favourable view than has hitherto been the case of the character of Goethe's companion. Goethe's attitude to the French Revolution was also thoroughly gone into, and a most interesting discussion on these points ensued. Arranged round the hall was an interesting collection of portraits, prints, original sketches by Tischbein, medals, &c., all bearing on the period, kindly lent by Mrs. Ludwig Mond from her collection.

IN THE TEMPLE OF MAMMON

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

A REAL change has come over the markets since I last wrote. The public has come in. There are so many members on the Stock Exchange and so many professional punters in the

purloins of the House that, public or no public, there is always business of a sort. But when the public comes in then the business becomes profitable. Buying began at the end of last week, and all markets were moved up to celebrate the event. It seems to me that we are approaching a period of excellent trade, combined with high prices. There is no denying the high prices. The Board of Trade returns, which show the record figures of 1,202 millions, would seem to point to an extraordinary revival in trade. But, above all, we are confident. We believe that we shall make money. That is half way on the road to fortune.

CONSOLS are now above 80, and there is little doubt that they will continue to rise. We must remember that, all the banks having written down their Consols to 80 or below, are now actively anxious to see a good rise. It means a splendid secret profit. Sir Felix Schuster once said that he heard a great deal about secret reserves and secret profits, but that he never heard any bank suggest that they had made losses that were equally secret. Banks make losses which remain on the books until such time as they can be wiped off by profits that are hidden from the world. The Government will be compelled to purchase some large blocks of Consols before the end of the financial year. Their purchases upon a rising market will have a great effect. The Bank Rate will come down, and this will also send up the price of all gilt-edged stocks.

THE FOREIGN MARKET has been strong, and all the great finance houses have been steadying their pet loans with the view of unloading when the public comes in at the top, as it always does. Norway has asked for money, and she is still busy negotiating a few more millions which will probably go to the Paris Consortium. The Russian Railway Loan is being discussed, but it is doubtful whether London will be allowed to contribute. No State Loan will be required, but as Russia owns and runs her own railways there is really not much difference. The cynic remarks that there is no such thing as "earmarking" in St. Petersburg. As long as the railway is built, it doesn't much matter whether the actual money subscribed is used or whether the State uses the money and afterwards repays it. Russia is now in good credit and very prosperous, but her finances are "casual," to say the least. Japanese continue weak, but there has been no serious unloading; that might come, however, if Japan did some outrageous thing, which she is most unlikely to do, or suffered another bad rice crop, about which it is less easy to prophesy, as her finances are not in a good state.

THE HOME RAILWAY dividends are being announced as I write these lines, and up to now they have pleased everybody. The market is very steady, for there is no bull account open in anything, except perhaps Dover A, Little Chats, Great Eastern, and Brighton A. The strikes kept speculators out of the market, and the rise is therefore assured. One of the cheapest stocks is Lancashire and Yorkshire. Trade in the North is now good, and this line has been neglected. The price should rise to par. North Easterns are steady, and the line is so well managed that the dividend may be relied upon to remain constant. At present prices the yield is too high for a gilt-edged stock, and if the accounts show only a moderate increase in profits I expect a rise. An increased dividend is not looked for, while the change in chairmanship will benefit Brums. The new man, Mr. G. H. Claughton, has a considerable reputation as a clever business man. He is comparatively young, and full of energy. There is no line in England that possesses the advantages of the L. and N.W.R., and, managed with foresight and skill, it could easily pay 1 per cent. higher dividend and maintain this rate. Great Westerns still hang below 128. They must rise to 140 before the end of year. The Board has spent large sums upon which as yet it gets no return. It should electrify a track to Maidenhead, do away with the branch line trains, and substitute rail-motors. Then it would be in a position to raise its dividend another 1½ per cent. It is also essential that it connects up the Bakerloo Tube with Paddington.

YANKES might react. I do not say that they will, but many of the Wall Street speculators must have made

large profits on the recent rise. The small gambler in the States is quick to take a profit. The general feeling throughout the States is growing more hopeful, but the trader and the country speculator are not in the Market. The great banking houses are still bullish, and they have many bond issues ready to place. The New York City Bond is a sound security, and will be worth buying when marketed. I am told to always buy Unions or Steels on any relapse in values. Readings and Norfolks are also tipped.

CANADIAN PACIFICS are still a great market and the price is steady. It is possible that speculators will put the shares much higher, but careful people will decline to go in on the top of such a big rise. In the opinion of those who should know, Canadian Pacifics are now right on the summit. In another year they will have to face steady competition. But Canada grows so fast that the traffic in a year's time may be big enough to keep the C.P.R., Grand Trunk Pacific, and Canadian Northern all three busy.

The RAW RUBBER market was decidedly weak, and though the amount of rubber offered this week was only 380 tons, it could not find buyers, and ordinary sheet only fetched 4s. 6d. The best price, 5s. 6d., obtained was for Linggi smoked sheet. I shall be anxious to note how those companies that sold forward at high prices, such as Straits Bertam and Mount Austen, will fare. Will they be able to enforce their bargains? Grand Centrals are being pushed and puffed. They must be avoided. The estates are much over-capitalised. The shares are not worth par, much less the extravagant premium now demanded. Patalings are now beginning to look cheap. The share market follows the auctions very closely indeed, but if it falls beyond a certain point all the leading shares should be bought. The buying of rubber shares is really a simple matter. Take Parry's A.B.C., allow 1s. per lb. profit for next year and work out the dividend. If it comes to 15 per cent. on the market price the share is cheap. Never be deluded by promises of 600lb. yields. They cannot be obtained. 200lb. an acre will be the average yield all over the Malay; 300lb. on moderately good land and 400lb. on exceptional land. But 600lb. an acre means over-tapping. Never buy into a company that is over-capitalised per acre. Remember that you can bring any decent estate to the producing stage for £35 an acre all told. If the fall continues, rubber shares must be bought as an investment. To-day they are too high. Do not listen to any talk of a new boom. It is most unlikely to come. Never go outside the Malay. We know that the F.M.S. grow good Hevea. Why take risks outside?

The buying of OIL SHARES still continues. Paris is rapidly becoming excited over oil, and most of the large option dealings in Shells, which are mainly responsible for the big rise in this share, are on French account. I see no signs of the oil war ending, but I am told that it will not be carried on with vigour. "The war will smoulder for some time," said our leading oil man to me on Tuesday. Nevertheless the excitement in oil shares may last, for there are many big oil companies ready to come out, and two or three large Galician and Roumanian concerns are talked about in Paris.

KAFFIRS are very steady, and seem to be marked up by the jobbers as a precaution. The English public holds almost as many shares as Paris, and these shares were purchased at very high prices. Therefore I do not anticipate that it will pay many people to realise. I am not confident about a revival in the Kaffir Market. Prices are low, but not too low. There are a few bargains, and if the rise continues another week I will mention them. But to-day I suggest caution.

RHODESIANS always appear about to spring. But they don't. The spurt in Chartered died down. I again advise the magnates—though the mere idea of telling a Rhodesian magnate how to manage a market sounds ridiculous—to put up Charteredds. They are the bell-wether of the flock, and I am sure that the public will not come into this market till they see Charteredds over £2.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

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Friends of Fate. By Lucas Cleeve. Greening and Co. 6s.
The Justice of the King. By Hamilton Drummond. Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.
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The Brand of Silence. By Fred M. White. Ward, Lock and Co. 6s.

PERIODICALS

United Empire; Publishers' Circular; Mind; The Bookseller; Willing's Press Guide; Mercure de France; Top-Notch, New York; Book Monthly; Travel and Exploration; People's Magazine; School World; Revue Bleue; Literary Digest; Idler; Tourist Magazine; Smith's Magazine; St. George's Magazine; Hazell's Annual; Economic Review; Book Buyer, N.Y.; Dublin Review; Scottish Historical Review; Peru To-day; N.R.A. Journal; Good Health; University Correspondent; Cambridge University Reporter; The Engineer's Review.

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